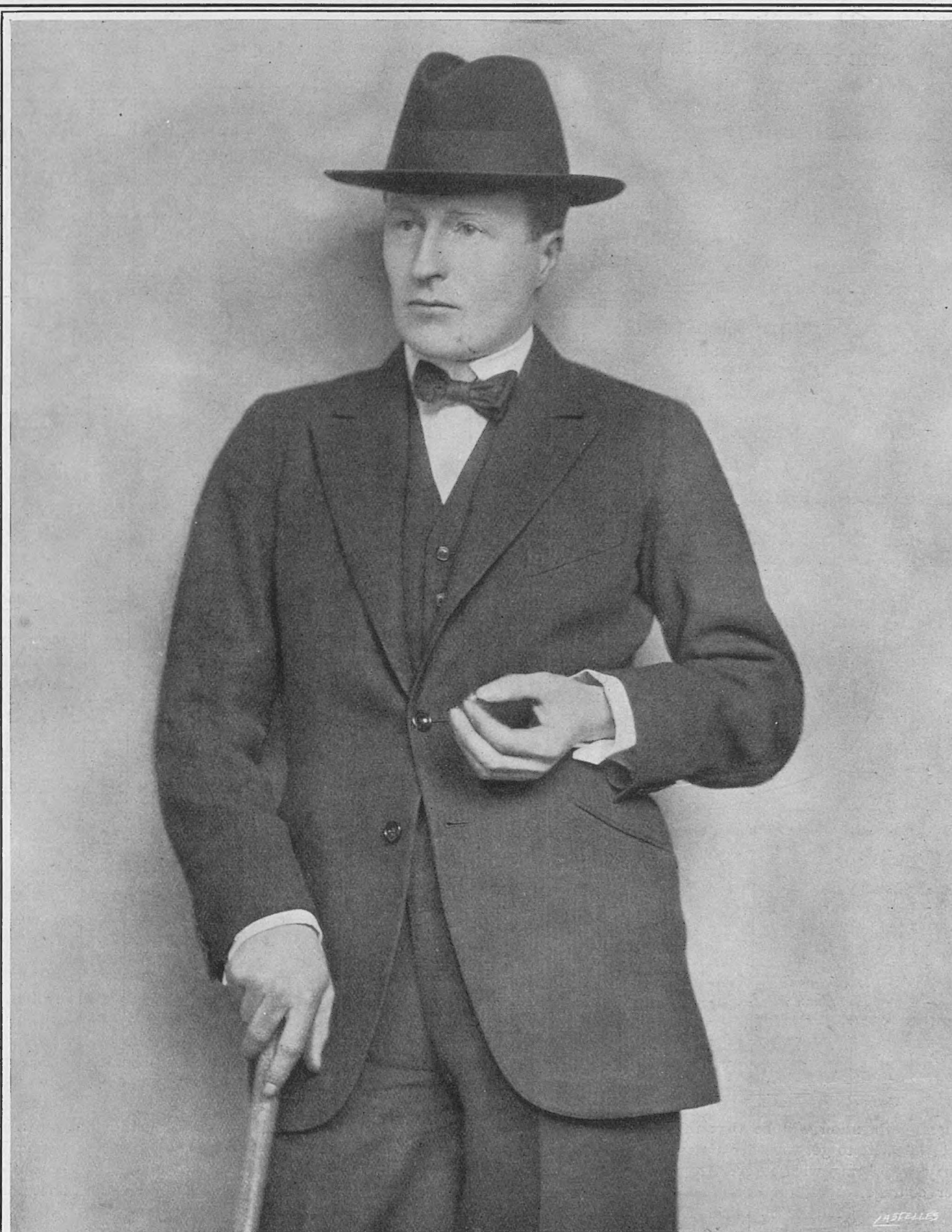


# The Sketch

No. 1166.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

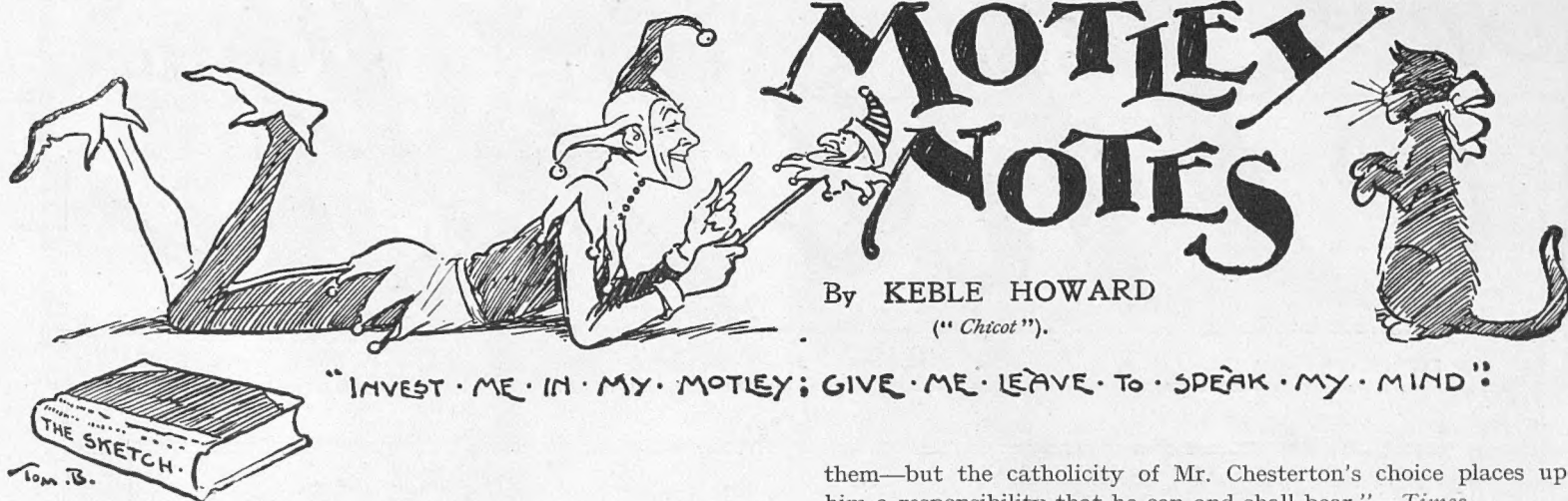


SAVED FROM THE "MAJESTIC"—A FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT: MR ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, WHO HAS WRITTEN SUCH VIVID ACCOUNTS OF THE DARDANELLES FIGHTING.

Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was on board the "Majestic" when she was torpedoed and sunk by an enemy submarine off the coast of the Gallipoli Peninsula on May 27. Anxiety was felt as to his fate, but on the following day news came that he was safe. Since he went out as special correspondent to the Dardanelles, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has written remarkably fine descriptive

despatches which have appeared in the principal London dailies, and have enabled the public here to realise the vast scale of the expedition and the heroism of the troops. His work, we may add, is familiar to readers of the "Illustrated London News." He is the elder son of the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.—[Photograph by Hoppé.]





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

"THE PRESS REVUE."

#### PART I.

##### COLUMN 1.—THE COALITION CABINET.

We are bitterly disappointed with the work of the Coalition Cabinet.

We may not use the term "rotters," but "duffers" is a term that we shall not hesitate to apply.

We understand that they will shortly resign.

Several of the appointments were made without our sanction. We must ask our readers to bear this in mind when they see the wounded in our streets.

In time of war, there should be no wounded in our streets.

There should be no wounded at all—on the side of the Allies.

Lord Kitchener must go.

Mr. Balfour must go.

Mr. Lloyd George must go.

Mr. Asquith must go.

In fact, the whole boiling must go.

We must stay.

A new Coalition Cabinet is to be formed.

It will be composed of eminent men—and women—as distinct from politicians.

In the next column we give our forecast.

##### COLUMN 2.—NEW COALITION CABINET.

	OLD C. C.	NEW C. C.
Prime Minister -	Mr. Asquith	MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.
Lord Chancellor -	Sir S. Buckmaster	MR. GEORGE GRAVES.
President of Council -	Lord Crewe	MR. FISHER UNWIN.
Lord Privy Seal -	Lord Curzon	MR. ATTENBOROUGH.
Chancellor of Ex. -	Mr. McKenna	MR. HARRY LAUDER.
Home Secretary -	Sir J. Simon	MISS MARIE CORELLI.
Foreign Minister -	Sir E. Grey	MR. G. B. SHAW.
Colonial Secretary -	Mr. Bonar Law	MR. G. P. HUNTLEY.
India Office -	Mr. Chamberlain	MR. RAVEN HILL.
War Office -	Lord Kitchener	LITTLE TICH.
Minister of Munitions -	Mr. Lloyd George	JACK JOHNSON.
Admiralty -	Mr. Balfour	MISS VESTA TILLEY.
Board of Trade -	Mr. Runciman	MR. WAL PINK.
Duchy of Lancaster -	Mr. Churchill	(Office annulled.)
Irish Secretary -	Mr. Birrell	MR. JACK JUDGE.
Scottish Office -	Mr. McKinnon Wood	MR. POTASH.
Agriculture -	Lord Selborne	MR. JOE ELVIN.
Works Office -	Mr. Harcourt	MR. CHARLES GARVICE.
Education Board -	Mr. A. Henderson	MR. DE COURVILLE.
Attorney-General -	Sir E. Carson	MRS. PANKHURST.

##### COLUMN 3.—PRESS OPINIONS.

"The general impression will be that the new Ministry is the result of a sincere effort to get together a strong Government. The new blood may well bring with it greater decision, stronger will-power, sterner courage, moral qualities of the highest value in a crisis like this. A combination of Little Tich and Jack Johnson must surely shatter all German illusions as to our supposed vacillating tendencies."—*Daily News*.

"The general impression left on the mind is that of a tremendously formidable combination, and not of a Cabinet in the ordinary sense of the word. We do not say that we approve of all the appointments—it may yet be seen that we approve of none of

them—but the catholicity of Mr. Chesterton's choice places upon him a responsibility that he can and shall bear."—*Times*.

"The new Cabinet is composed of men and women who combine the highest character and ability to be found in our public life. A number of them have exceptional experience, and a reputation which will carry weight wherever their names are spoken. The association at the same council-table of people who have been inveterate adversaries must result in fruit—of some sort."—*Morning Post*.

"Whilst cordially approving the selection of Miss Vesta Tilley (who has made such marked strides in her profession) for the Admiralty, and of Mr. Garvice (whose four-hundred-and-eighty-fifth and four-hundred-and-eighty-sixth novels we reviewed yesterday and to-day), we cannot equally applaud the appointment of Mr. Wal Pink to the Board of Trade. Granting that his first name has a touch of Americanism about it, his surname is utterly out of fashion alike on the hunting-field, in the streets, and on the battle-field. Nobody, on the other hand, is a greater authority on Agriculture than Mr. Joe Elvin, who would have received his portfolio long ere this—if it wasn't for the others in between."—*Daily Express*.

##### COLUMN 4.—THE ATTACK ON LORD KITCHENER.

A special meeting of the Little Nipchin District Council was held last night at the Rest-and-Be-Thankful Inn. Colonel Push-Cracknell presided, and there was a very big attendance of members and friends. Many speeches were made, most of them by the Chairman. The gallant Colonel, speaking as one soldier of another (cheers), said that Lord Kitchener had won his (the speaker's) confidence many, many years ago. He had followed Lord Kitchener's career through its many phases, and he (the speaker) had watched him with unremitting vigilance since the outbreak of the present war. (Loud cheers.) He could assure them that Lord Kitchener knew his job better than anyone, including himself (the speaker), could teach it to him. (Terrific cheers.) Resolved, by acclamation, that the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* be struck off the list of papers taken at the Little Nipchin Union, thus combining patriotism with economy.

##### COLUMN 5.—BY "CALLISTHENES."

A famous Roman General once said: "Dic nunquam ad hostes jusebat, sed semper temerare." Which, being interpreted, means: "Don't wait till your trousers are worn out before buying a new pair."

In this colossal House of Commerce, we have often occasion to remark on the frailties of human fabrics. So many of our patrons postpone the so-called "evil day" until the last moment, that the sight they present when they do at last make up their minds to buy some new clothes is little short of shocking.

Surely this is wrong? Worse still, it is not business. Here, in this Palace of Delicious Fabrics, we believe in taking Time by the Forelock. We have no desire to emulate the Foolish Virgins. We have nothing in common with Maximilian the Cunctator.

Some rattling good socks came in yesterday!

##### COLUMN 6.—THE WAR.

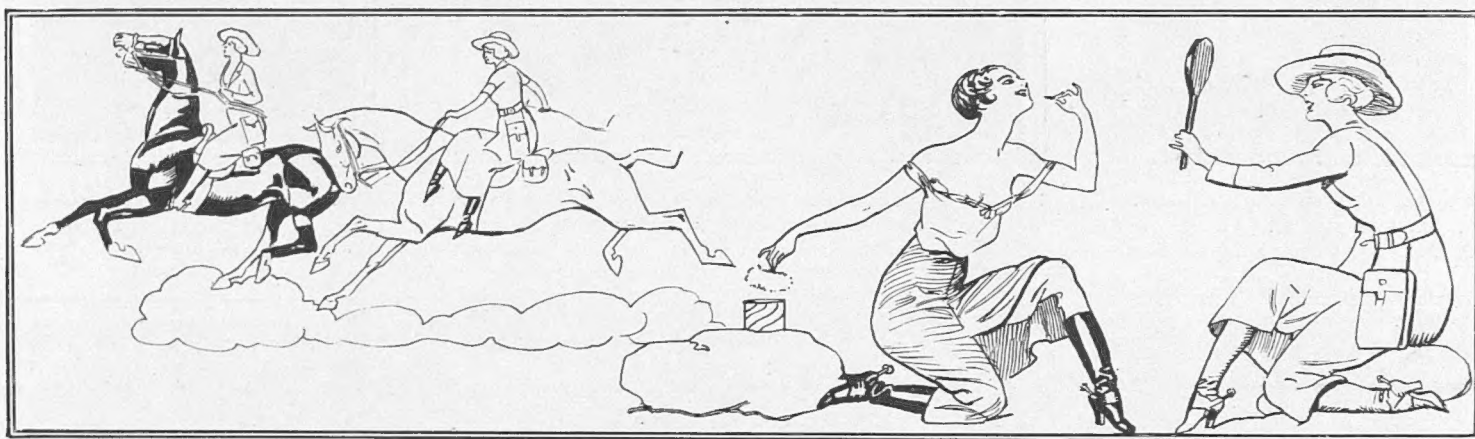
The War still continues.

(The above message has been passed for publication by the Press Bureau.)

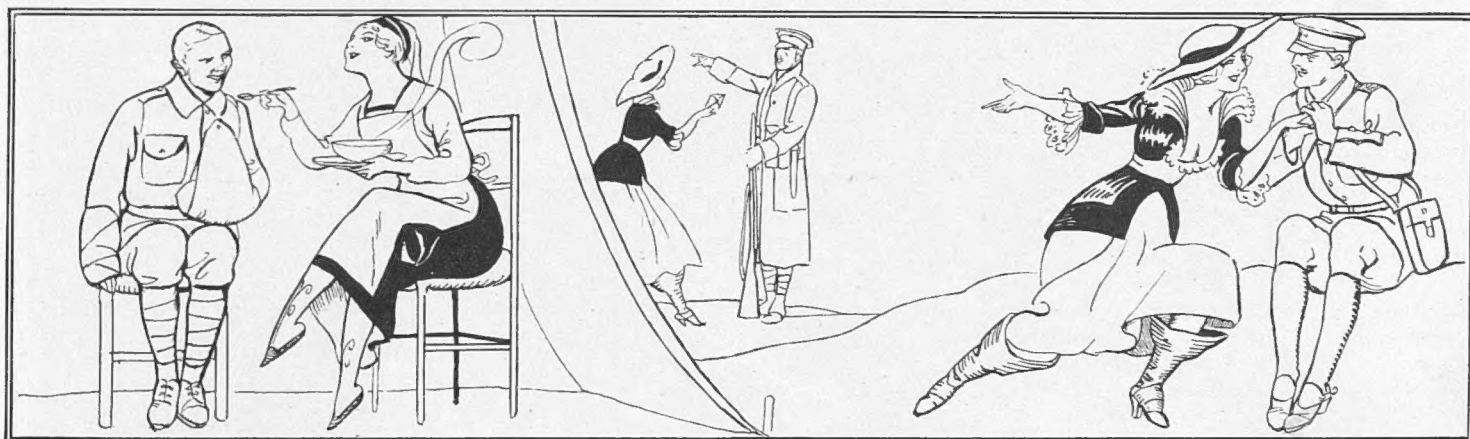
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: BOOT FASHIONS — SUGGESTED.



IN VIEW OF THE NEW FASHION FOR HIGH BOOTS, WHY NOT HAVE—



CAVALRY BOOTS FOR LADIES WORKING IN THE WAR:



SILENT BOOTS FOR NURSES, AND BUCCANEER BOOTS FOR THOSE WHO LAY SIEGE TO SOLDIERS:

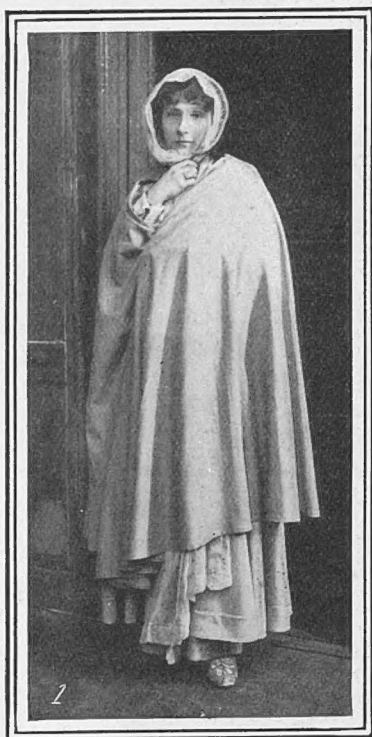


VALDÉS

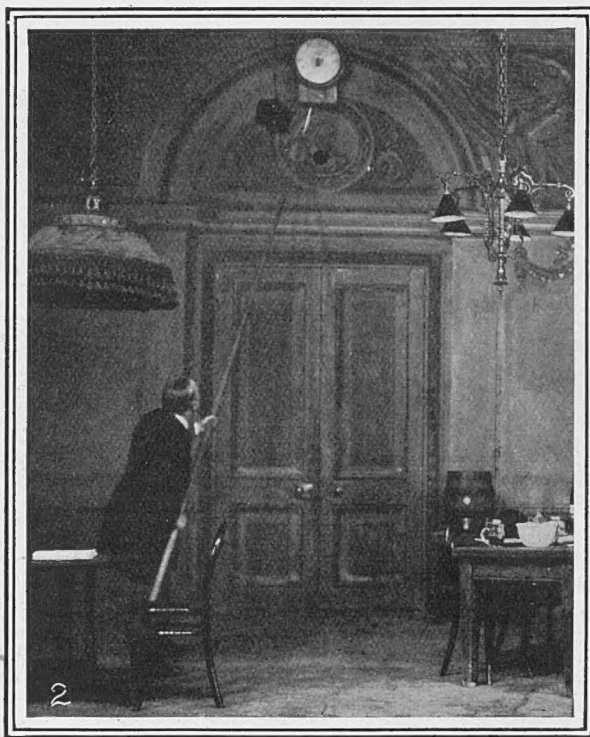
"MADE IN GERMANY" BOOTS FOR FRAUEN AND FRÄULEIN, AND BOOTS SOLED WITH IRON FOR APPLYING TO ENEMY ALIENS?



## SPY PERIL MELODRAMA: "THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY."



1. THE HEROINE OF "THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY" AT THE ST. JAMES'S: MISS GRACE LANE AS VICTORIA BUCKINGHAM.



2. SIGNALLING TO SUBMARINES: A GERMAN SPY STARTING A CLOCK PENDULUM TO GIVE ALTERNATING FLASHES.



3. THE HEROINE'S FRIEND: MISS STELLA CAMPBELL AS MONA CRESFIELD IN "THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY."



4. GERMAN SCIENCE IN A WAR PLOT: THE VERY TYPICAL SPIES EXAMINING THE CHEMICALLY TREATED DESPATCH-CASE THAT IS EASILY DESTRUCTIBLE BY FIRE OR WATER.



5. THE SHACKLED HERO'S THRILLING ESCAPE AT THE SPIES' LAIR: MR. LYN HARDING, AS CAPTAIN GUY HOWISON, REACHING FOR THE TOOL-BOX, IN "THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY."

The plot of Mr. C. B. Fernald's new piece at the St. James's, "The Day Before the Day," is a plot in two senses, as it turns on a German scheme for the invasion of England, and the efforts of German spies in this country to lead the War Office, by means of faked German despatches, to expect a landing in Northumberland when it is really to take place in Kent. At the same time some real despatches are to be conveyed in a case chemically prepared by a German scientist so as to be instantly destroyed by fire or water, if captured. In Photograph No. 4, where the spies are seen inspecting the case, the figures are, from left to right, Mr. Edmund Gwenn as

Herr Professor Willy Effenbach, Mr. Nigel Playfair as Ludovic Grunau, Mr. Frederick Ross as Karl Pulitzer, and Mr. A. B. Imeson as Adolf Schindler, a German-American. Photograph No. 2 shows the spies' method of signalling to submarines at sea. Opposite a hole through the wall under the clock is hung a bright light, and the pendulum of the clock as it passes to and fro across the hole causes the light alternately to flash out and be obscured at intervals. The hero, an officer of the British secret service, discovers the spies' lair, and is made prisoner, but succeeds in breaking his bonds by pulling a box of tools towards him with the pole used for starting the clock.



## WITH LEOPARD-SKIN DÉCOR: A BEAUTY OF SOCIETY.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER OF THE 10TH HUSSARS WHO WAS IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE: MRS. RALPH PETO.

Mrs. Ralph Peto, of whom we give a new and charming portrait, is the wife of Mr. Ralph Harding Peto, whose father is a half-brother of Sir Henry Peto, second Baronet. Mr. Ralph Peto, who is in the 10th Hussars, was formerly a Second Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, and was granted an allowance for knowledge of Arabic when

an Attaché at Tangier in 1902. He resigned in 1910. Mrs. Peto was, before her marriage, in 1909, Miss Frances Ruby Vera Lindsay, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Walter James Lindsay, of Cowley, Oxford. The 10th Hussars ("The Prince of Wales's Own Royal") is the "crack" cavalry regiment of the Army at the Front.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



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fully titled.**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
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With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published  
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The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of  
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are particularly desired.**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider  
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beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any  
used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints  
of well-known and continually photographed places.**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.**THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.**

THE Liverpool Company ended their season at the Kingsway  
with a new play by Mr. Galsworthy, "A Bit o' Love,"  
which was a delightfully true and humorous study of village  
life, with passages of real beauty and pathos. It was a story of a  
poor misunderstood young curate who was so Christian as to refuse  
to take vengeance upon an erring wife; and the consequence was  
that the parish meeting sat, or tried to sit, in judgment upon him,  
but were so lacking in knowledge of procedure that they failed to  
surmount the difficulty of electing a chairman. They were more  
successful in mobbing him outside the church, so that, partly in  
despair and partly in the agony of a broken heart, he came near to  
hanging himself, and was only reminded by a little child that there  
was love left in the world. Mr. William Armstrong played the  
curate with honest sincerity, and only just failed to persuade us  
that a curate could be so unearthly; Miss Madge McIntosh, in one  
short scene, played finely as the wife; and a large number of the  
rest of the company gave us a series of delightfully clever studies  
of village characters. They had on the day before produced with  
great success Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's entertaining little comedy,  
"Cousin Kate," and left a very pleasant impression of their ver-  
satility and enthusiasm. Mr. Armstrong had there parodied a  
curate cleverly, and Miss Madge McIntosh had given a notably  
skilful rendering of Kate.

The Lyceum celebrated the Whitsuntide holidays by a highly  
coloured melodrama all about the war, which caused much delight  
in the majority of the audience, and a certain regret in others  
that the subject should receive such treatment. However, "In  
Time of War" was very lurid and very patriotic, and con-  
tained German spies who were duly baffled, and a comic picture of  
the Kaiser and his Staff which was received with enthusiasm, and  
a scene in a hospital, and much excitement upon the field of battle,  
and everything was what the Lyceum requires. It was written by  
Mr. Watson Mill; and popular favourites such as Mr. Lauderdale  
Maitland, Mr. Herbert Williams, Mr. Fred Ingram, and Miss Ethel  
Bracewell did everything that was necessary for success.

At the Prince's that indefatigable humourist Mr. Andrew Emm  
also devoted his attention to the war, and turned out a vigorous  
melodrama on familiar lines, "For England, Home, and Beauty,"  
in which there were also spies, and a hospital, and wireless telegraphy  
(which seems to offer irresistible attractions), and a comic German  
General, and feats of gallantry performed by British prisoners in  
effecting their escape. But in this case the war came only at the  
end; and we had had a romance of the racecourse and a drugged  
jockey and a race won by a lady who had taken his place. Mr.  
Emm himself, besides writing the play, was largely responsible for  
the success of the piece in his capacity of the jockey who subsequently  
became a soldier, and created much merriment in both parts; and  
he was well supported by Mr. Henry Lonsdale, Miss Muriel Dean,  
and Miss Rose Ralph.

One of Mr. Robert Courtneidge's earlier musical comedies, "The  
Dairymaids," has been revived by Mr. Bannister Howard at the  
Aldwych Theatre, and a capable company does justice to its humours  
and the bright music of Mr. Frank Tours and Mr. Paul Rubens.  
The gymnastic scene at Miss Pyechase's Academy is probably the  
best-remembered feature of the piece, and it goes as well as ever;  
and of the players, Miss Clara Beck sings and dances cleverly, and  
good work is done by Miss Edie Martin and Mr. Robert Ayrton.

Mr. William Devereux's romantic drama, "Henry of Navarre,"  
is serving Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson well at the Strand  
Theatre, where a successor to "The Argyle Case" has been found  
to be required far sooner than was expected. Evidently the  
Neilson-Terry public do not like their hero and heroine to desert  
costume and romance, and in "Henry of Navarre" they have their  
heart's desire. Mr. Terry is most gallant as the King, and as  
Marguerite Miss Neilson is in her best form, and the revival is full  
of colour and life.

Mme. Réjane continued her season at the Criterion last week  
with "La Passerelle," the play from which came "The Marriage of  
Kitty," and her wonderful art was seen to great advantage in the  
part of the girl from the country who obliged the young man who  
wanted a temporary and purely formal wife, and then made him  
love her when he discovered that it makes a great difference to a  
woman if her hair is not brushed tightly back. It is a brilliant  
piece of acting, and our distinguished French visitor was well  
supported by her company, Mlle. Valentine Tessier in particular  
playing the other lady in the story with much skill and humour.

Miss Jean Sterling McKinlay varied her very pleasant recitals  
at the Little Theatre last week by producing for a charity (the  
Three Arts Women's Employment Fund) a couple of one-act plays  
by Mr. Robert Vansittart. One, "Romanco," was a little comedy  
of the French Revolution, in which a citizen in love with an  
aristocrat's wife was taught his mistake; the other, called  
"Foolery," was a gallant attempt at a satirical poetic play in which  
the poetry rather stood in the way of success. Miss McKinlay  
played brightly in the first, and Mr. Harcourt Williams was success-  
ful in both; and in the second there was good work by Miss Maire  
O'Neill, Mr. William Farren, and Mr. Owen Nares.





THE OPTIMISM OF THOSE WHO KNOW: THE MUNITIONS QUESTION: ITALY AND AUSTRIA.

The Talk of  
Two Men.

I chatted this week with two men whose talk impressed me. One was a British Staff Officer of some standing home on a few hours' leave from the front; and the other was an Englishman who has been serving with the Russian Army in the Carpathian Mountains, and who, when he has obtained permission from our Government, is going back there to take up a commission that has been offered him in a Cossack regiment.

A British  
Staff Officer.

The British officer said to me that what astonished him in this country were the long faces we were all pulling. The Army in Flanders and in France is full of confidence and in high spirits, and the men who are fighting not only see no reason for any sinking of spirit, but believe that there is every reason to expect a triumphant ending of the war in favour of the Allies, and that such an ending is not very far distant. Though this particular officer is likely to echo the opinion held at the Headquarters of the Expeditionary Force, what he told me is very much what every regimental officer I have met back from the trenches, whether he be a colonel or a subaltern, has said to me. Our fighting men cannot understand why their civilian friends at home are not quite happy regarding the events of the war.

Anglo-Russian  
Optimism.

And my Anglo-Russian friend was equally confident as to the ultimate success of the campaign. It is known to the whole world that Russia has been and is short of munitions of war, but the guns and the shells are pouring in already through two ports, and when the Dardanelles are forced Russia's front gate will be thrown wide open, that she may import all the things she wants and export to the Allies the corn and other grain they are anxious to buy. As to any serious consequences being the result of the Austro-German spring campaign against Russia, my friend laughed at it. Russia has as many millions of men in reserve as there are fingers on both one's hands, and she cedes ground whenever it is the Grand Duke's plan to do so, without giving a second thought to the loss of a few hundred versts of land.

The Reason Why.

In old days, British spleen would have been held accountable for the needlessly long faces that some of us have pulled lately; but the real reason for our spring sadness is, I think, that those of us who thoroughly understand how serious a matter this great war is, and what losses and what sacrifices there are still before us, have, in speech and in the written word, so rubbed into the flippant and careless amongst our acquaintances the seriousness of the situation that we ourselves have begun to think that matters are more serious than they really are.

We may not have persuaded our foolish friends that war is a desperately serious matter, but we, by much arguing, have persuaded ourselves that the war is not going as favourably for the Allies as it really is.

High Explosive  
and Shrapnel.

I have heard much nonsense talked during the past fortnight concerning shrapnel and high-explosive shells by people who evidently did not know what the difference is between them and what they are used for in warfare. Shrapnel—a shell filled with bullets or other kinds of missiles—is essentially a man-killing shell, but the sharp-edged, jagged fragments of the case do much other mischief besides

the killing of men. They cut telephone-wires, and they cut the barbed wire of ordinary entanglements. A high-explosive shell is more tremendous in its effects, for it blows to fragments everything that is near the place where it bursts. Steel plates and concrete cannot resist its tremendous tearing power, and it knocks to pieces fortifications against which the spray of shrapnel would splutter in vain. When artillery officers know the strength of the positions against which their fire is to be directed they also know what kind of shell to use; but the infantry often has to deliver an attack to gain the information that the artillery officers require.

Viva Italia! The green, the white, and the

red now flutters amongst the flags of the Allies, and Italy has joined in the war on the side of freedom. Italy and Great Britain have always been friends, and when Garibaldi fought for the liberation of his country he had with him all the sympathy of Great Britain and the help of many Britons. France, as a nation, has done more for Italy than we have done; and no doubt the tie of Latin kinship has been as powerful as any other of the reasons that have brought Italy into the war. The Austrians are the hereditary enemies of Italy, and have been the conquerors of part of the country. Venice still remembers the days when the white-coated Austrian officers swaggered in the square opposite St. Mark's, and the debt of hate the Austrians then incurred has only, as yet, been half paid.

A Garibaldian.

When the Italians of Saffron Hill marched to Grosvenor Square to demonstrate they had amongst them a red-shirted Garibaldian—one of the last survivors, I should imagine, of the gallant thousand. Of the Garibaldians I have known the most interesting was the Reverend Haweis, the little lame preacher with long black whiskers, who filled his church by his eloquence. He was a fiery spirit, and when the call of liberty pealed through Italy and sent its echoes to England, he left Oxford and, taking his violin with him, went to join the great hero, and charged as fiercely as any of them on that great day when Garibaldi asked his men again and again to make one more last charge.



THE "MOTHER" OF HIS REGIMENT AT WORK: A SOLDIER MENDING A UNIFORM BEARING "GIBRALTAR," A BRITISH "BATTLE-HONOUR" ANNEXED BY THE KAISER WHEN HE WAS MADE A BRITISH FIELD-MARSHAL.

Incidentally this photograph has a curious side-interest for us. Note the name "Gibraltar" as a badge on the uniform the soldier is mending. It is a British "battle-honour," annexed by the Kaiser on being made a British Field-Marshal in January 1901. After his return to Germany from Queen Victoria's funeral he directed that certain regiments of the German Army which, in former days, had served with the British in war should commemorate their campaigns by badges on their uniforms. Amongst others, he appointed "Gibraltar" as a badge to a Hessian corps whose forerunners had formed part of the troops which assisted at the taking of Gibraltar in 1794 with Rooke's landing-parties of Marines. Now the corps is fighting against us.

Photograph by Photopress.



## ITALY JOINS THE ALLIES.



SEPTEMBER · OCTOBER



NOVEMBER · DECEMBER



JANUARY · FEBRUARY



MARCH · APRIL



MAY.

ALFRED  
LEETE

Lester

## A CLUB INCIDENT.

According to the newspapers, Italy was on the brink of war in September. She remained there until the other day. Now she is fighting on the side of the Allies. Her gallant army and navy will be of the greatest value.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



## AS THE GERMANS SEE THEM! GREY AND K. OF K.



## HEAVY-HANDED "HUNNIMENTS": GERMAN CARICATURES OF SIR EDWARD GREY AND LORD KITCHENER.

Sir Edward Grey and Lord Kitchener have been the objects of much vulgar German abuse and ponderous German humour. The Germans have so little real sense of humour that they even try to make out that Sir Edward Grey instigated the war, and are surprised when anyone laughs at the suggestion. Against such palpable folly may be set the tribute to Sir Edward paid shortly before the war began by the ex-Austro-

Hungarian Minister in London, Count Mensdorff: "He did not think that there had ever been a statesman who had inspired such absolute confidence abroad. . . . This implicit trust and faith in the high character of Sir Edward Grey would certainly not be overlooked by the historian of the future." As regards Lord Kitchener, even Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria has admitted that "he seems a capable organiser."

FROM GERMAN CARICATURES.



# "PUSH AND GO!"—TO THE NEW LONDON HIPPODROME



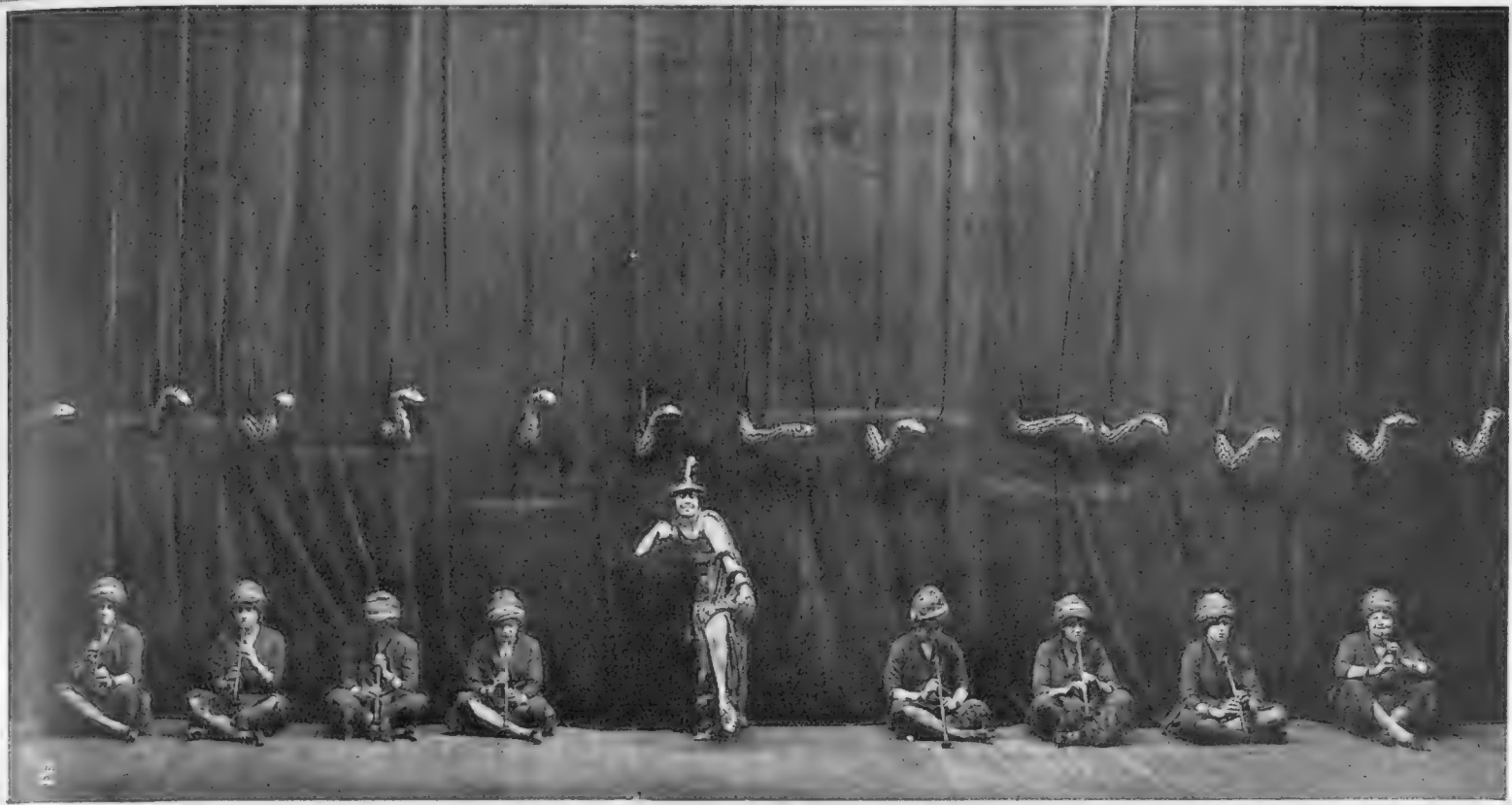
1 THE BALLOON GIRL—WITH BALLOONS: WHEN MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG SINGS THE FINAL SONG OF THE REVUE.

3. AT THE FOX HUNT BALL: I.—ALL IS WELL.

"Push and Go!" the new London Hippodrome revue, has seven scenes—The "Push and Go!" Gymnasium, which includes a parody of "On Trial," and Miss Shirley Kellogg as Mavourneen O'Shea; the Revue King's Office, with Mr. Harry Tate as the Revue King; a Cane Dance, and Miss Violet Loraine as a Singer of Chorus Songs; Big Lizzie, with Mr. Gerald Kirby as a naval officer; A Box-Office, with The Snake Charming Girl, and "Won't You Come and Play with Me,"



# REVUE: BALLOONS; ARM-FULL SNAKES; *SOME SPILLS.*



2. WITH SNAKES WHICH ARE NOT ARM-LESS! THE SNAKE-CHARMING-GIRL SCENE IN "PUSH AND GO."

4. AT THE FOX HUNT BALL: II.—*SOME SPILLS.*

and also Selling the Motor, with Mr. Harry Tate; Among the Celestials, with An Orchestral Mishap; Piccadilly Circus; and the Fox Hunt Ball, with the Swanstone Walk, the Tangle-Footed Monkey Wrench Tangle, and The Balloon Girl, sung by Miss Shirley Kellogg. The snakes which appear through the curtain in the Snake-Charming Girl scene cannot be called arm-less, for, in point of fact, they are arms clad in imitation snake-skins and performing the necessary evolutions!





## THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

SIR STANLEY BUCKMASTER was born fifty-four years ago. His father, a man of learning, belonged to the Arts and Science Department at South Kensington, and Sir Stanley and his brother spent part of their youth in an atmosphere of chemistry and physics, with retorts and test-tubes for their play-things. Charles, the eldest of the Buckmaster boys, got South Kensington into his blood, and was attached by inclination and profession to his father's Department. Like Stanley, he was at Oxford, though at a different college, and is now in Whitehall on the Board of Education. To follow the Law was, in a sense, a breaking away from the family environment; but Stanley, not behind-hand in making up his mind, was called to the Bar when he was twenty-three, and had already won no little name for professional ability when he married Miss Lewin.

**Town, and Out of It.** Like his father before him, he is in most respects a Londoner, and from his house in Porchester Terrace he is separated from South Kensington only by an easy walk across the Gardens. More attractive than Bayswater is the region he chose for his business quarters, his chambers in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, being ideal in their kind. But, like many thorough and devoted Londoners, he is never so happy as when he can slam the door of a railway carriage at Paddington or King's Cross on the town and all its concerns. With his fishing tackle thrown on the rack above his head, and the *Law Times* unopened on his lap—to remain unopened, probably, till the end of the journey—he is always able to think kindly of the Equity Bar and Equity barristers, to smile urbanely on porters and the anxious third-class faces that are denied admittance to his compartment, and be generously and generally thankful for holidays. Perhaps he thanks his stars the while that the crowd is going to Dartmouth or Scarborough, while he is making for some quiet reach of river or some noisy torrent known to none besides himself and the fishes.

**A Great "Pro."** To have known the new Lord Chancellor in Old Square was to know a great professional. It is pleasant to meet the amateur, in so far as there is anything of the amateur in his composition, in the railway carriage or at the Garrick; but his supremacy lies elsewhere. The power he shows in the office or the Courts is never merely a matter of voice and gesture, never assumed; to say of him that he put on a professional manner for business hours would be a rude and ridiculous misstatement. The fact is that law absorbs him to such an extent that only a lawyer can appreciate his good points to the full. Directly the comments on his new appointment were published, five members of the Equity Bar sat

down and wrote to the *Times* to correct the impression that Sir Stanley's law career had been one of "tolerable" success: "most brilliant" were the words they wished to see substituted for "tolerable," and their view is the common view of the profession.

**The Buckmaster Countenance.**

The namesake who is the presiding genius of English polo never followed the ball with more intentness than Sir Stanley follows the thread of a knotty case. He pounces on his points with a sportsman's sureness and coolness; and his face is that of a reformed or converted athlete, of a polo-player or a jockey, tied up, to his satisfaction, in the stimulating and chancy entanglement of red-tape.

We have said he is cool; but it is only the coolness of perfect intentness and perfect order. In the muddle of the Censor's office during the last few months the sparks that come of friction have been flying. Throw the best machine a trifle out of gear, and it grinds instead of going. Nothing, happily, can set the Woolsack sparking.

**In the Lords.** Lord Haldane filled the post to admiration. At once ponderous and urbane, his thoughtfulness, on the one hand, was like Mr. Henry James's; his weightiness, on the other, like that of a Chinese philosopher carved in polished soapstone. Sir Stanley Buckmaster, we have suggested, is made of different stuff, is of another build. He is keen, and too young to grow suddenly ponderous and dignified at the bidding of the Premier. The Woolsack, however, is hardly to be ridden keenly. Even Lord Halsbury had to sit it quietly; and we hope that this new Lord Chancellor, with the eye of a jockey and the mouth of a polo-champion, will not grow weary of keeping the King's conscience and the seals of office before his time. If he does, there is the consolation of a pension of five thousand per annum.

**The Plum.** On the strength of a few years of office, three gentlemen are now supporting their peerages on this pension, so that the Lord Chancellorship is costing a yearly twenty-five thousand, ten thousand of which goes to the acting Chancellor. So far as it counts for anything, this aspect of his appointment must necessarily appeal to a man

who has been a breadwinner, and worked hard for the rewards as well as the honours of his profession. The leap to the Woolsack has been of unparalleled suddenness. Whether his career at the Bar be called "tolerably successful" or "brilliant," there is no reason to doubt that the first word will be allowed to pass for his career in the House. It is neither wholly as a politician nor as a barrister that he gets his plum out of the Cabinet pudding, but Mr. Asquith, in doing a surprising thing, has not done it irresponsibly.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR: LADY BUCKMASTER.

Sir Stanley Buckmaster, who was only appointed Solicitor-General in 1913, is not only an eminent lawyer, but a man of wide experience. His almost dramatically sudden elevation from the Treasury Bench, and incidentally the Press Bureau, to the Woolsack is one of the surprises of the official list, but its success need not be in doubt for a moment. Sir Stanley has won golden opinions from all sorts of people by his tactful administration of his delicate and responsible duties in connection with the Press Bureau. Lady Buckmaster, to whom he was married in 1889, was, at the time of her marriage, Miss Edith Augusta Lewin, daughter of Mr. S. R. Lewin, of Widford, Herts, and will prove a valuable aide to the new Lord Chancellor in the discharge of his duties upon the social side of his great position. Sir Stanley Buckmaster, whose town house is in Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, has also a house at Widford, and is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Herts.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



## LADIES—AND A VERY YOUNG LADY—OF SOCIETY.



WIFE OF A COLONEL WHO BECAME A BRIGADIER-GENERAL ON AUG. 5: MRS. SYDNEY LAWFORD.



ENGAGED TO MR. ANTHONY HENRY E. ASHLEY, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: THE HON. EDITH WINN.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF MRS. J. C. BRINTON (FORMERLY MRS. WILLIAM JAMES): MISS AUDREY JAMES.



DAUGHTER OF MR. W. J. BRYAN, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE: MRS. REGINALD OWEN.

Mrs. Sydney Lawford is the wife of Colonel S. T. B. Lawford, C.B., who has been Brigadier-General (Temp.) since August 5 last, the day after the outbreak of the Great War.—The Hon. Edith Winn is the only daughter of the second Baron St. Oswald, and was born in 1895. Her mother is the youngest sister of Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, of Newe and Edinglassie, Aberdeenshire. The engagement was announced recently of Miss Winn to Mr. Anthony Henry E. Ashley, of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late Right Hon. (Anthony) Evelyn Melbourne Ashley, P.C., and Lady Alice Ashley, sister of the Earl of Enniskillen.—Miss Audrey James is the younger daughter of Mrs. J. C. Brinton, formerly Mrs. William (usually called "Willie") James, the

well-known hostess of Royalty, of West Dean Park, Chichester, whose wedding to Major J. C. Brinton took place quietly at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in September 1913. Major Brinton, M.V.O., D.S.O., became a Gentleman Usher to the King in 1912. He is now in the active list again, as Major of the 2nd Life Guards, his old regiment. Mr. William James died in 1912. Mrs. Brinton is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Forbes, Bt., of Newe.—Mrs. Reginald Owen, wife of Captain Reginald Owen, R.E., is the daughter of Mr. W. J. Bryan, the United States Secretary of State, and is doing excellent service in connection with the American Women's War Relief Fund, whose beneficent work has earned widespread gratitude.—[Photographs by Barnett, Swaine, and Rita Martin]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S



ENGAGED TO AN OFFICER  
IN THE ROYAL ENGINEERS :  
MISS M. MURIEL VAISEY.

Miss Vaisey is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Vaisey, Norden House, Winslow, Bucks. Second Lieutenant A. Armstone Duckett, her engagement to whom is announced, is in the Royal Engineers, and is the only son of the late Edward Armstone Duckett, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Taunton, and Rector of East Pennard, Somerset, and Mrs. Duckett, of Radnor House, The Manor Way, Blackheath Park, S.E.

Photograph by Bassano.

with a brilliant record. The poem he wrote just before he went out to the front on the death of a soldier friend must, with Lord Crewe's on the same subject, be included in all future anthologies of war poetry.

*Not Half!* The wounded are not alone in receiving Lady Desborough's consoling and refreshing visits. She and Lord Desborough went the other day to Beaconsfield to cheer Mr. Chesterton in his convalescence, and, incidentally, to be cheered by him—for, though he is now a sparer man, he has lost none of his herculean chuckle. Apropos of the only thing "G. K. C." has lost in his long sickness, Mr. Zangwill tells the story of a drive with the great man in a hansom-cab. Chesterton got in first, and Mr. Zangwill fitted in as best he could afterwards. "You must let me pay my half," insisted "G. K. C." at the journey's end.

THE son of a favourite Lady-in-Waiting figured in a recent casualty list, and is now reported dead, thus adding another personal grief to those of Queen Mary. Her Majesty and Lady Desborough have many things in common; and their close companionship during the last few weeks has made the bond between them even stronger than it was before the war. Until the other day, however, most of the patients they consulted over and consoled were found in the wards of the hospitals: they still have those to think about, as well as this personal blow to bear. Lady Desborough's son, the Hon. Julian Grenfell, was a young man



TO DANCE AT A CHARITY MATINÉE : MISS  
BETTY SPOTTISWOODE.

A Charity Matinée, in aid of the Actors' and Artists' Benevolent Fund and the Blue Cross Fund, is to be given on Tuesday next (June 8), at 2.30. The following well-known artistes have consented to appear: Miss Jessie Hall, Mr. Frederick Ranalow, and Mr. Cornil Bard; and there are to be dances by Miss Betty Spottiswoode, and the pupils of Miss Mary Thompson and Miss Maisie McDougall. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Mary Thompson, 51, Courfield Gardens, South Kensington; Miss Maisie McDougall, The Hospice, Hendon, N.W., or from the Theatre.

## A Pretty Queen.

Pretty, dark, very charming in her own circle and very reserved out of it, the Queen of Italy is a devoted wife and mother. Visitors to Rome are apt to comment on the fact that she and the King do not go driving together; strangers are unaware of the Court etiquette that makes it impossible for them to do so. "The two Queens!" cry the street children as Margherita and her daughter-in-law go by, the one in black, the other in the inevitable *gris-perle*. The pretty daughters are sometimes

with them, the King never. The Queen's pearl-grey is the one complaint the Roman people have against her. They accept her pretty shyness, they like her looks, but her shopping habits they wholly disapprove.

Dressing on one note, she never makes a strange colour fashionable and profitable for a brief season; she is never responsible for the whims that give a fantastic interest to the crowd on the Pincio, and bring success to the dress-makers. It is a standing jest in the capital that every report of a garden-party or bazaar attended by royalty finds the same phrase in print: "Her Majesty was present, in a gown of *gris-perle*."

## The Fighting King.

"Good-bye; I hope you won't forget me," the King of Italy once said to a departing American. Most monarchs would have taken one's memory of a friendly meeting and a cordial hand-shake for granted; but the Italian ruler, by nature humble, has never learned to presume on the veneration of his fellow-men. His training as a boy was calculated to keep him unpretentious, for it was a training of extraordinary hardness and severity. He did not rough it, like some Princes, merely for the benefit of the public, and relapse behind the scenes into the spoilt child and pampered young man. The thing that shows the real worth of the King of Italy is the absence of reaction since his accession. The Spartan boy, when he grows up and has his own way, often makes amends to himself. The King is that rare creature, a Spartan boy who has grown to be a Spartan man.

## A Pocket Mars.

The King of Italy, who is to take his place at the head of his armies, has never cultivated the martial aspect dear to his father. The exaggerated moustache and fierce brow of the late King were inherited, or copied, from Victor Emmanuel, and did not indicate any real military experience or power. They served their purpose, nevertheless, on parade and in procession. The present King is of another type. Always rigidly straight, and soldierly in a neat rather than a picturesque way, he is quite one of the smallest of European rulers.



ENGAGED TO THE MEMBER  
FOR NORTHAMPTON : MISS  
J. E. HOLMAN.

Miss J. E. Holman is the daughter of Mr. S. H. Holman, of Talbot Road, Highgate. Mr. Hastings Bertrand Lees Smith, M.A., has been Liberal Member for Northampton since 1910. He is the second son of the late Major H. Lees Smith, R.A., and has been associated with Ruskin College, Oxford, since its foundation in 1890.

Photograph by Langfrier.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY  
WILLIAMS : MISS  
ELEANOR COPE ROBINSON,

Miss Robinson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Robinson, of St. Maur, Palmerston Park, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN L.  
LANGWORTHY : MISS EDITH M.  
S. MARSHALL.

Miss Edith Mary Sybil Marshall is the daughter of the late Colonel G. Marshall, Royal Artillery, and a niece of the late Major Charles H. Simpson, 18th Hussars and Governor's Body-Guard, Madras, of 15, Queen's Square, Bath. Mr. John L. Langworthy is the eldest son of the late Mr. L. Langworthy, of Lancashire.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



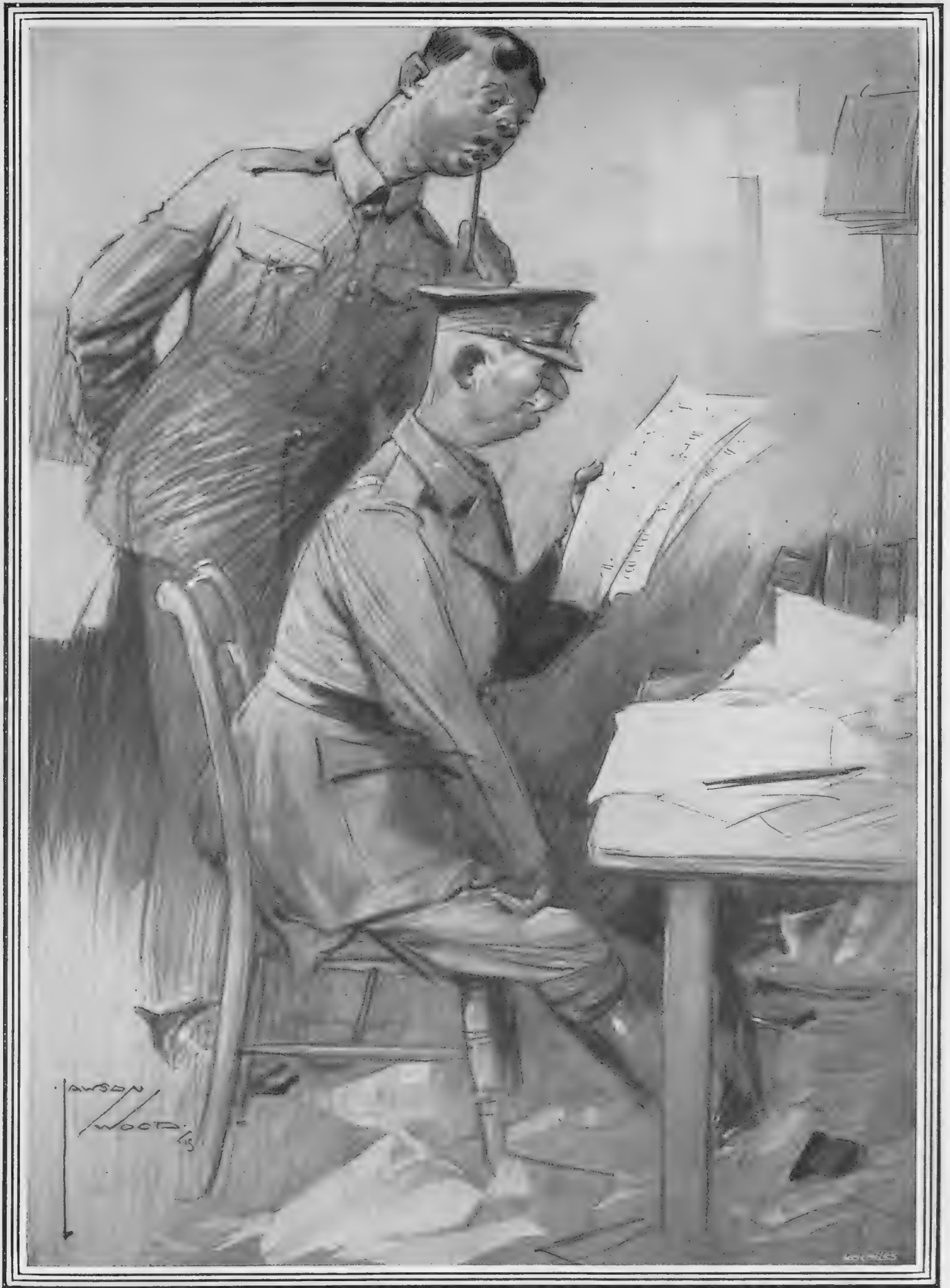
ENGAGED TO MISS ELEANOR C.  
ROBINSON : CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY  
WILLIAMS.

Captain Williams, Royal Marine Artillery, is the second son of Mr. H. Plunkett Williams, late 27th Regiment, and Mrs. Williams, of Upper Norwood, S.E.

Photograph by Swaine.



FIGURING IT OUT !



THE OFFICER: Really, Smithers, your figures are awful. Just look at this 3; anyone would take it for a 5.

SMITHERS: It *is* a 5, Sir.

THE OFFICER: Good Lord! I would have sworn it was a 3.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## SMALL TALK

**L**ORD BROOKE, wonderfully debonair and youthful-looking after going through many of the things that are calculated to add ten years to a man's life—or at least give him a few grey hairs—made a recent return from the front.

He was, so to speak, fresh from the scene of the gas warfare in Flanders, and found himself particularly interested in the printed accounts of its frightfulness. He thinks that we at home see the worst of it. As far as he observed, a few men die of it and the rest get better, and most of the agony exists only in the columns of the newspapers. But Lord Brooke, like most men who have done real work, takes a more sanguine view of the situation than the army entrenched in Fleet Street.

### Grecian.

The engagement of Miss Irene Noel and Mr. P. J. Baker will interest many people, from Oxford to Achmedaga. Achmedaga is Miss Noel's island in Greece, and Oxford is the scene of Mr. Baker's great achievements as an athlete. For Greece Miss Noel has an hereditary affection. Byron's blood is in her veins, her mother was Greek, she loves the people, speaks their language, and nursed Greek wounded during the last war. Mr. Baker, who is built on the Greek plan, is the son of the M.P., and a Quaker. Most of his activities still have Oxford for their base; but he may now be tempted to run the Marathon over the authentic course.

### Church-Struck.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys and Sir James Barrie met the other morning at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, of all places. It was a day of unusual church-going, the occasion being a memorial service for Mr. Frohman. Mr. Alfred Butt, for instance, confessed that he knew the outside of St. Martin's much better than its interior; and

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has passed the church steps every day since he settled in the Adelphi, looked about him during the ceremony with the curiosity of a sightseer from Buffalo. Sir Arthur and Lady Pinero, Sir Herbert and Lady Tree, Sir John and Lady Hare, Mrs. Lewisohn, Miss Pauline Chase, and all the rest were there. "I don't think we have been to church like this since our wedding," said a theatre manager to his wife. "Longer than that, dear. Don't you remember we were married at a registry office?" she answered.

### Another Exodus.

If one had made a list, a few months ago, of the most exclusively and conservatively masculine of the clubs, the Athenæum and the Garrick would have been named in the first half-dozen. As it turns out, these two are pioneers in the field of feminine labour. The Athenæum admitted women to its staff early in the war, and the Garrick is following suit. With Italy at war, London will have to allow further concessions to women and to the Governments which make sudden inroads on the world of waiters—and, by the way, of chauffeurs. A couple of Cabinet Ministers have kept their German pilots; but for the most part the Germans, like the Frenchmen, have gone. Now the Italians are going too, and the Englishman and his wife are learning to steer their own cars.

### New Rules of the Road.

Very noticeable on the roads leading to the South Coast is the slackened speed of holiday motor traffic. The old rush of cars, one past the other, has given place to a deferential uniformity of pace, and there is even a note of apology in the toot of the car that outstrips its fellows. One explanation is the advent of the woman driver, who seldom scorches. Another is the advent of the wounded. Half the cars carry men who must not be jolted, and the other half seem to feel the impropriety of raising clouds of dust on roads used by the invalids in bandages.

### Unmoved.

The Cabinet shuffle means a certain confusion in addresses. It is unlikely, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenna will consent to leave their Lutyens house in Smith Square for an official residence, and we must adjust ourselves to other unconventional whereabouts. The M'Kenna house is too good to leave. The dining-room is white, with pale-oak pillars grouped in each corner—a place where Antonello da Messina might have broken his bread and taken his rough wine after a day's painting, without feeling suffocated. Of Victorian dining-rooms nobody dare say so much. The library is unlike any other in London.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ROME:  
LADY RENNELL RODD.

The fact that Italy is now one of our Allies lends peculiar interest to the personalities at the British Embassy, Rome. The Right Hon. Sir James Rennell Rodd, P.C., has a brilliant diplomatic record, and is a Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and has the Grand Cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, of Italy. He married, in 1894, Lillias Georgina, daughter of the late James Alexander Guthrie, of Craigie, Forfar, and has three sons and two daughters. Lady Rennell Rodd is at present acting in conjunction with the Duchess d'Aosta in organising Red Cross work for the wounded.—[Photograph by Eva Barrett, Rome.]



A PEERESS'S DAUGHTER: THE HON. DOROTHY EMMOTT.

The Hon. Dorothy Emmott is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Emmott. Miss Emmott is helping her mother in war-work. Lady Emmott is a Patroness of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

man. Mr. Alfred Butt, for instance, confessed that he knew the outside of St. Martin's much better than its interior; and



MISS SYLVIA BINGHAM,  
WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MAJOR  
KENNEDY WAS ARRANGED  
TO TAKE PLACE ON JUNE 1.  
Miss Sylvia Bingham is the  
daughter of the late Brigadier-  
General E. G. H. Bingham, R.A.  
Major Kennedy is in the Ayrshire  
Yeomanry.—[Photo. by Speaight.]



WIFE OF A FAMOUS EXPLORER:  
LADY BROCKLEHURST.

Lady Brocklehurst, is the wife of Sir Philip Lee Brocklehurst, of Swythamley Park, near Macclesfield, who is so well known in connection with Antarctic exploration. Sir Philip holds the Polar medal with clasp, and the Royal Geographical Society's medal. He is now on active service at the front. Lady Brocklehurst was Miss Gwladys Murray.

Photograph by Hoppe.



AUTHOR OF A POETIC PLAY:  
MISS B. L. BOWHAY.

Miss Bowhay is the author of a "play of statecraft, marked by rare restraint, insight, and poetic beauty," called "The State Supreme," which was read recently at Mrs. Ernest Cunard's house, Portman Square, before a highly appreciative audience.—[Photo. Stuart.]



WHEN MAY IS OUT.



JUNE 1: 12.1 A.M. CASTING CLOUDS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE SILVER POMPADOUR.

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

THE little Château de Mirand stood intact amid the wooded hills and dales of the Argonne. Yet it was a wayside theatre of the drama of war, one act of which had been enacted in the garden, while another had been played inside the old stone doorway (at the head of mossy steps) which framed the figure of the young châtelaine, the Comtesse Zéphyrine, only representative of a family whose menfolk were all in the field. The enemy's troops had just passed through the pleasaunce in order to make use of the only available bridge across a little river, in the hilly fields beyond which they were now busily entrenching themselves. After that the house had been rigorously but vainly searched for spies, incriminating documents, and firearms.

Beautiful, scornful, apparently unmoved, the lovely girl gazed down upon the trampled lawn over the head of the commanding officer, Major von Burgmüller, who eyed her with a mixture of savagery and admiration, appraising her charms, raging at her indifference. He was unaccustomed to be flouted by women, and in war passive resistance was new to him. All through the business she had been perfectly courteous, icy, dead-silent. He flattered himself that he had behaved with needless forbearance. Her radiant beauty and the glances of pity and amusement he had intercepted between her and her old servants had maddened him still further. He would give her a lesson. When she turned with a final, frosty bow to enter the house, as if to ring down the curtain on the tragi-comedy, he clanked up the steps and addressed her, as before, in tolerable French.

"One moment . . . Mademoiselle. There is something I must inspect once more—the first-floor apartments on the right of the stairs."

She smiled, shrugged, bowed as always, led the way to a little suite of two rooms, seating herself in the outer, a boudoir, with her needlework, while he stalked round the inner, a bedroom, and out again.

"I congratulate you on your exquisite taste here. It has turned an otherwise painful duty into an artistic delight."

Again she bowed. But the colour had left her face. Her eyes were dangerous. Her voice as she addressed him for the first time cut like steel.

"It is well. For this reason alone you will see that my family's possessions are not injured."

"Certainly. For I shall guard some of them myself. You see, I have need of certain comforts—necessaries—for my own quarters. These I will choose now, give you a list, and see that they are returned safely. Kindly step this way." He enumerated the articles and wrote them down.

"These things will look very strange in your earthworks or in a tent," she said laughing.

"Possibly. . . . A camp-bed or a sleeping-valise is an ugly thing. . . . But—I could harmonise the effect by introducing that bed—Louis Quinze, if I mistake not? A crowning glory. . . . Yes. . . ." He walked to the stairhead, whistled up his porters, and returned to praise the bed in the intervals of superintending removal of the goods.

"That carving! *Wunderschön!* I must truly make a note of the design. Our German carvers are very clever copyists. . . . *Gross artig*, the whole thing. *Gott in Himmel*, Mademoiselle, what a history must this bed have!"

"It has a very beautiful, strange history."

She threw back her head with its coronal of wavy fair hair, and her eyes raked him once more to his very spine.

"Ach. . . . a *Mährchen*, a *conte de fée*? I wish to hear it."

"It was given to my ancestress, Angèle de Mirand. This was her own suite. There"—she indicated the wall on her right—"is her picture—by Moreau. When it is exhibited in loan collections in Paris, it is always known as 'The Silver Pompadour.' For, as you perceive, the costume is in the style of that other famous beauty, whom she never stooped to rival."

The Major's eyes gloated over the portrait—a superb masterpiece representing a lady with deep blue eyes, standing against a

grey-white curtain, and clad in an elaborate *panier* costume of dove and silver, pearls gleaming on her snowy bosom and on her high-piled *coiffure poudrée*. The châtelaine took up her tale.

"Yes. Angèle de Mirand was no worshipper of Louis Quinze. It was his Queen who gave her this bed, amongst other beautiful things, as a *cadeau de nocces*. The day before the wedding the bridegroom, a very true and noble soldier, was assassinated by order of a puissant diplomat who ruled the King. Angèle never loved again. She returned here to tend her father and prevent her only brother, Marc, from destroying his health and patrimony by excesses. In spite of her devoted efforts he fell into the clutches of a bad friend, rich and powerful, named D'Oulay. This man was madly in love with Angèle, who detested him, for he was even worse than her brother, and very cruel. Moreover, there was madness in the D'Oulay family. In an evil hour Marc lent himself to a vile plot. D'Oulay, soon after the death of the old Count, was secretly invited here on a hunting expedition. He arrived; Angèle was forced to receive him, but Marc had slipped away and left her defenceless, her servants captive, the intruder's men in possession of the house. They say she was a witch. At any rate, she was a fine actress, a woman of great nerve and resource. It was here that the last encounter took place. The story goes that she temporised, yielded her promise to him. He entered, Monsieur. He heard her call tenderly. He felt her arms about him for an instant in the dark. But what he found in the bed was a great, cold toad. She had cursed him, had slipped from him; she climbed out by a rope to the ground. She took refuge with peasants that night, and at dawn escaped to the sea and thence to England—which you also hope to visit, I understand. She had cursed that bed. Toad after toad came upon the evil-doer—creeping, hopping. In the morning his servants found him—an incurable lunatic. The peasants heard of the curse from her. It was to the effect that no one with a bad conscience should ever rest in that bed. Marc essayed it, and died evilly soon after. His cousin inherited after him . . . or I should not be here. The story has come down from mouth to mouth. Two years ago a member of our Académie incorporated it in a chronicle of old legends of French châteaux."

"*Potztausend!* What a tale! Do you mean to frighten me like a naughty child?"

"I merely told the story—to amuse you."

"And I suppose very few people have ventured——?"

"My mother and father, my brother, who is now fighting, and I—we have all had happy dreams in that bed."

"The arrogance of her tone!" thought von Burgmüller. Then aloud: "Ha, ha! Now shall I also try my luck. I am a man of honour, Mademoiselle. It is only the fault of this horrible war that I am not married and entrenched peacefully in a very pretty villa on the Oder. I shall therefore respect your household stuff. I shall be delighted if you care to inspect my camp quarters, my little house of good earth, to see how well I am established. Here is your inventory. *Au revoir!*"

"Happy dreams, Monsieur," she replied icily.

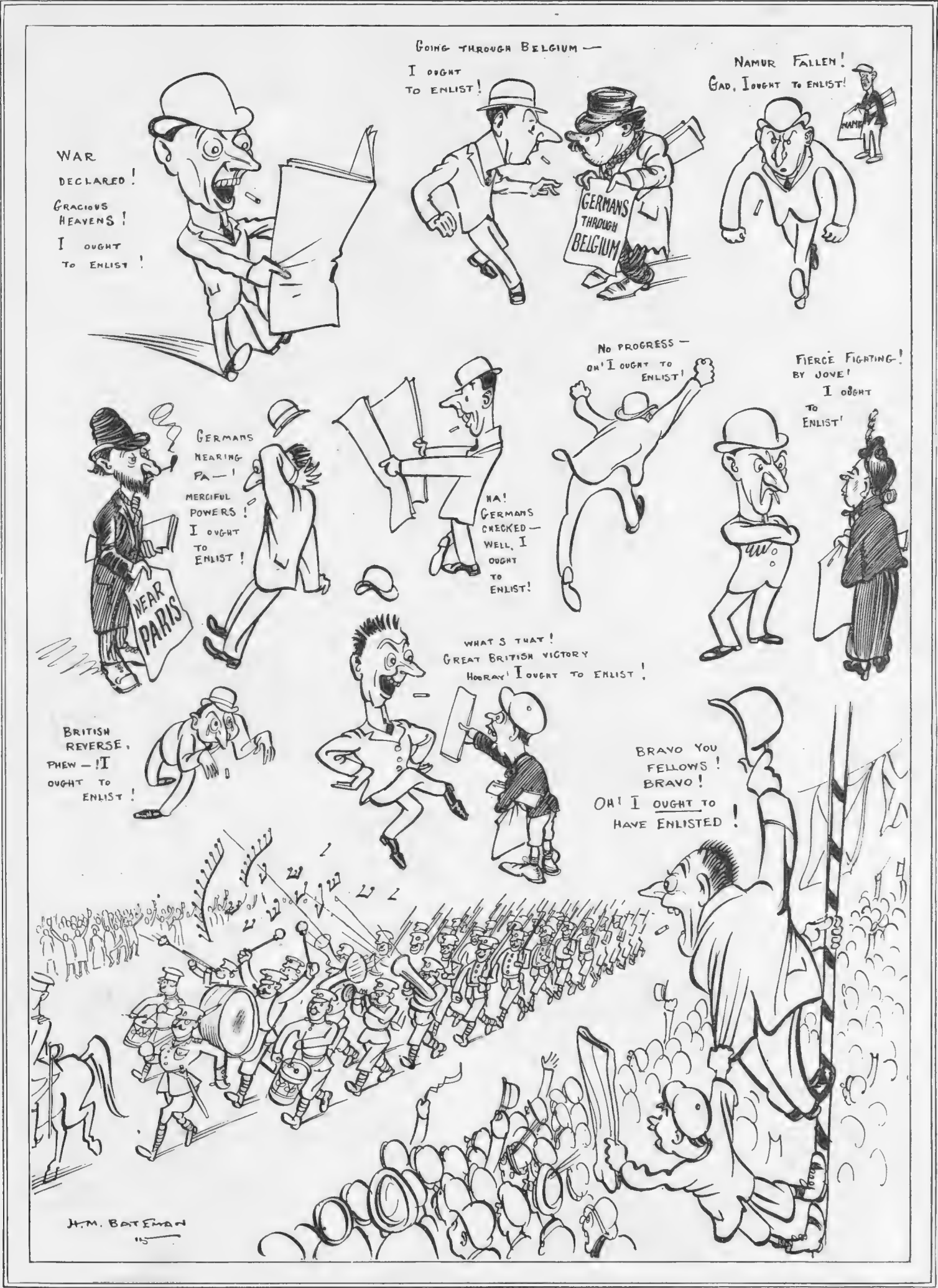
### II.

Von Burgmüller enjoyed to-night a rare gap of leisure. Everything smiled upon him. Things were going well for Germany. The battle-front was seven miles away to the east. He and his men represented a comfortable rear-guard, anticipating an easy advance, perhaps in a week's time, to cosy town billets which their fellows were energetically preparing for them by shot, shell, and onslaught. He had dined well, he had drunk a good deal of excellent French Burgundy; he had finished his work for the night. Naturally, he hugged himself. He determined to enjoy all the luxuries of his "little house of earth," roofed in with straw, branches, and planks, and provided with a respectable little screen-door of boards. And since his complacency hungered for expansion and sympathy, he drew forth tablet and fountain-pen and poured out full details to his betrothed, a certain Lischen (also *hoch geboren*, and with a "von" tacked on to her patronymic) in Munich. He pictured her—a

[Continued overleaf.]



A MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.



THE OUGHT-TO-HAVE!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

plump, pink-cheeked sausage of a girl—and knew she loved details. After a few preliminaries and professions of affection he let his pen riot.

"I will write to you now a little fairy-tale which shall make your big blue eyes (like bilberries) rounder than before. If you could see my little house, all to myself, you would never wish for any other when we are married. Imagine a perfect room, twelve feet by sixteen, made in the ground, and high enough for me to stand upright, well away from the heathenish row and mess in other trenches. Burnished trees wave above my roof and bring back to me the heavenly night at the Opera when I held your hand under your open fan, while the orchestra played the 'Waldesweben,' from 'Siegfried.' In my parlour is a lovely old Aubusson rug. My feet—shod in the slippers you worked—are warmed by a delicious little faience stove of bright green enamel with a pane of ruby glass, and over it is a shelf (a plank embedded in the wall and disguised by a length of grey, Chinese, embroidered satin) on which stands a pair of Watteau figures and a Louis Quinze clock. I luxuriate in a Louis Quinze chair. It is unfortunate that my table is of a late date—beautiful though it also is—and that the carafe of wine and the table china are not of the same epoch, but of early nineteenth-century pattern. However, in war one cannot be a perfect collector. And, at any rate, my craze for Louis Quinze is a little appeased by one other thing. Lift, now, the brocade curtain which screens one part of the room from the other, enter, and behold! The glory of this recess is a Louis Quinze bed. I shall try and send you a picture of it, if I am not too sleepy, adored one. It is difficult to describe. Such minute detail! At the head of it is a sculpture of little *Amörchen*—Cupids—all intermixed with fruit, flowers, ribands, and lutes. At the foot a repetition of this. . . . And the hangings! The colour is . . . well, I shall take in my beautiful little lamp—(that is Italian, by the way)—and note the exact tint. . . . The colour is a lilac-red—no, a bluish-purple. Gold flashes also in it. . . . It falls into curious shades. . . ."

He scribbled this by the side of the bed as he examined it, felt cold, and retired to his chair by the stove.

"It is a historic bed. It belongs to a pretty old château only a mile away; and a most amusing young lady told me a fine, melodramatic story about it—too long for this letter. I wish you could see her, Lischen, Herzchen. 'Quelle type' (as these French say)—this mistress of the château! Proud, poor, arrogant, and—well, something of a cat. A spoilt creature; for, of course, she is good-looking and very *chic*. Her airs and graces, however, have no effect on our trenches, and as she is practically a prisoner (my men surround the estate), she has to be humoured a little. I did, nevertheless, punish her prettily by borrowing these *meubles* for my *Hauschen*, and really her expression, when she saw how neatly all is disposed here, was as good as a play. I gave her an inventory of the things, for, naturally, all will be restored to her, and the next lot of our men who follow us are mountain ruffians from the Hartz, who would kick everything to pieces. . . . It is a very pretty game, and the châtelaine is learning a good lesson in humility and respect for the culture of the nation she despises. . . . I shall pause, now, and draw a little picture for you."

He rose, lifted the curtain, moved the table and lamp, and began his sketch of the design of the carving. His cunning failed somewhat. His feet grew cold. He drank another glass of wine. He lighted a cigar. He corrected his sketch feebly. . . . Ugh! bother it all! When a man is short of sleep it is a sin not to take advantage of the goods the gods offer. He cursed himself for a sentimental fool; flung off boots, socks, and coat, extinguished the lamp, and, with a grunt of satisfaction and self-approval, rolled into bed.

And the couch responded. It seemed, indeed, as if merely waiting to envelop him with its limitless powers of consolation, its rich ease. For a short time it played a little with its guest, rousing him ever so slightly two or three times (as he turned happily from one side to the other in appreciation of its unaccustomed luxury), as if eager to impress him with its gentle, irresistible magic. After that he was no longer importuned, even by its comfort. His body, perfectly rested and relaxed, set his brain free to unravel the network of hopes, purposes, and activities with which war enmeshes a healthy, confident soldier.

He was at work again now, yet the dull routine of war was banished. This was real action—not holding trenches wearily, or detaining troops, or dealing with the dull matters of communication and supply, but the big fight for which he had ached for weeks. He was—*Gott sei dank*!—actually in the field at last, facing a visible enemy. He was turning the tide of a great battle—the greatest that had yet been fought in the world—with his own squadron, in his own person.

Over there, straight ahead, lay the last line of defences before Paris. That fact was written across the cold dawn in large, broken, black letters—the jags and snags of ruined factories, the last fragments of the last ring of forts. These stood up like a tragic alphabet, spelling the truth in weird cipher to which he and his regiment alone had the key. A sable silhouette it was against a scarlet background.

For Paris behind it was already ablaze. German incendiary balls, bombs, and shells had started that joyous bonfire hours ago. It only remained to crush the final, thin line of human defence.

The great moment was come. The initiative was left to his judgment. Why wait any longer? Reinforcements? Pshaw! They would not be needed. To wait any longer would be idiotic. He roared the order and led the charge. His cavalry, with a song of triumph, obeyed it. Like a wall of steel, the lances of his troop swept over the battle-stricken space in silence. French guns were silenced. German artillery suddenly ceased firing. No need to cover this advance. Not a gunner but must hold his breath in admiration at the exploit of this squadron. . . .

The clash had come and his men were at the enemy, slashing on every side with extraordinary regularity and effectiveness like a great human scythe. This was heaven, this was glory! There was music, too, to emphasise the glory: not a silly blare of trumpets and national tunes, but human music, a physical cacophony which somehow made up the most wonderful rich harmony ever conceived. Fury, agony, horror, triumph: snarls, groans, oaths, gaspings, piteous implorings—and that clank, stumble, thud which told of horses' hoofs and arms and the encounter of human limbs and bodies.

The fury and the triumph dominated the agony, the combined horror, and sang what appeared to be a big duet in canon, one voice answering its comrade doughtily, while all the other emotions merged gradually in a sinister note of poignant appeal addressed pointedly to Von Burgmüller himself—the conqueror, the all-glorious pioneer of Germany's greatest victory, the hero whom all the gods favoured and whom no evil thing might harm.

Slash and cut and thrust—these were his cool, joyous reply to that maudlin cry of his name, that incessant appeal for quarter: "Major, gracious Herr! For the love of heaven, while there is yet time! For the sake of these poor men and their souls!" Souls? Who cared for the souls of these wretched, writhing enemies? He laughed, set his teeth, then swerved savagely at a hand on his shoulder, wiped his sword on the saddle-flap and swung it upwards to sever the arm of the insolent petitioner. . . .

The hand at which he struck was a real one—the hand of his sergeant—and his the frenzied voice in agonised appeal.

The dawn had travelled apace—not only to Von Burgmüller in his battle-dream, but to the camp in which he lay ennested. The dawn was real. Very real also was the babel which made such sweet music in his ears. For the turn of his foes had come. The Allies had made a subtle, miraculous advance, broken the battle front, thrust it back in a rush, driven a vanguard, like a sharp wedge, into the placid heart of the German reserves. Chaos, bewilderment, incredible slaughter fell upon the rear like a thunder-clap. Men fought like tigers, or scuttled, squealing like rabbits, among the trenches and the litter of the camp, with the shells of the Allies bursting overhead. Horses stampeded, officers and men, friend and enemy were inextricably mingled.

The alarm came in fitful fashion to Von Burgmüller's regiment. While a nucleus of the squadron struggled to mount and rally, there were wild shouts of his name on all sides. But he had not been forgotten. His sergeant, a veteran, had done his duty. His first thought was for his superior.

"Dead or drunk," he babbled wildly . . . now running like a maniac to the trench to yell for help, now to the bed to shake the sleeping man or thrust a trembling hand under his vest to test the heart-beats. The shame and horror of this were worse than the battle alarm. The breathing was regular, the cheeks flushed with healthy contentment, the lips under the luxuriant moustache smiled in dreams; the eyelids, not flushed, but normal, remained closed as with a vice. The spell had reached its height; the triumph of the Allies was paltry compared with that of the bed of the Silver Pompadour.

Von Burgmüller, in the act of bringing his dream-sword down upon the impudent, detaining hand which seized him at the supreme moment, apparently missed his aim somehow and was pulled backwards, cruelly unhorsed. As his head bumped the earth he woke, he saw. He beheld for one instant, without comprehending, the nightmare of reality—men struggling in the entrance of the dugout; his sergeant, black-mouthed, demented, looming over him.

Next moment a shell burst in the earthy warren and brought an end to all things, slaying those outside and those inside—and simultaneously closed the tomb with one adroit fall of wet earth.

Otherwise, the decorative little mausoleum remained almost intact. The gay stove smouldered on peacefully. The dainty clock ticked. On the Aubusson carpet—defiant of rough feet and blackening powder—the mud-marks and stains dried. The draperies of puce and silver hung undisturbed, glowing like fritillaries in the dusk of a spring day. And the exquisite couch of Angèle de Mirand kept guard over all; the white, tossed-back linen proudly billowing at its foot, like the foam which curls about the prow of a magic barque, heading straight for the islands of eternal oblivion.

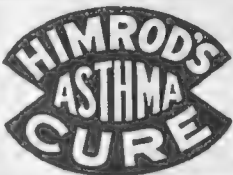
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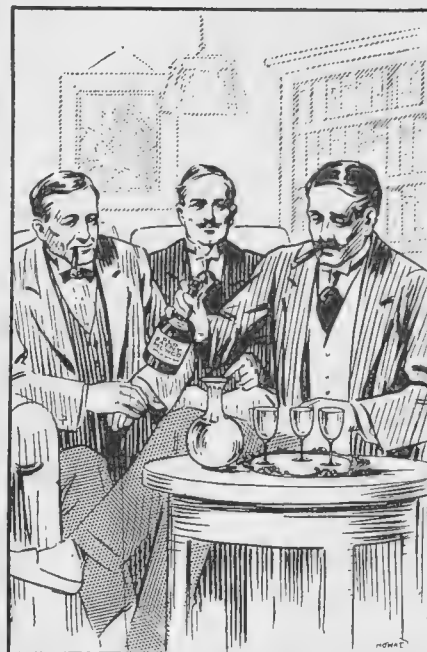
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Abel Hermant on the English.

The time has long gone by when we were simply—and somewhat ironically—"les Angliches" to our gallant Allies over the Channel. A sympathetic movement has been setting in for half a decade, and many a French writer has braved the waves, like French sportsmen and fine ladies, to see at first hand our island civilisation. It was not to be expected that M. Abel Hermant, who is a specialist on cosmopolitan "types," would fail to take us in hand. In his latest novel he has observed all the outside, superficial characteristics of Young England (before the war) to a nicety. His young men about town, with their reticences and intimacies, their talk (always of motor-cars, cigarettes, or other material objects) and their craze for going bare-headed and wearing an exceedingly exiguous dress on the river, their singular social intercourse with young girls of their own class—all this is amusingly and graphically described in "La Petite Femme." But if M. Abel Hermant shows an acute perception of British masculine foibles, he fails with his specimens of English women. His Peeress is a caricature—out of drawing—and his British ingénue is hardly true to type. I fancy M. Abel Hermant did not stay long enough on these shores to learn that the free-and-easy manners of the River Girl are not so dubious as they may appear to a Parisian. Yet the book, as a whole, is curiously well observed, and makes us ponder on the frivolous impression we must have made on foreigners in the jocund years now passed away.

### Why We Seem Odd.

Certainly, to M. Abel Hermant, the River Girl and Boy, with their innocent habit of reclining in punts side by side for long hours of a summer's day, present the most singular spectacle. Bare heads and arms and necks in boats perplex our Parisian, and he is only reassured by the extremely frigid and non-committal conversation which goes on between these beautiful girls and their boys. Yet it is not to be wondered at, for anyone who knows French society is aware that though talk is amazingly free—except when quite young people are present—behaviour, on the other hand, must be above reproach, the French priding themselves on their *ténue* more than any other social virtue. It is impossible to imagine a well-bred Frenchman being familiar or free-and-easy in his manners. To us, they seem a trifle stiff, and concerned with the ritual of society over-much for pleasant intercourse. This foible gives them an artificial air which they are far from suspecting. The acute intelligence of the Frenchman does not permit him any other attitude towards you, if a stranger, than that of "sizing you up." The process is slightly intimidating, but if you survive to obtain his good opinion you may feel satisfied.

1815-1915.

Fortunately for the future, we English have always been fond of French life and French amenities of civilisation. They are sympathetic to us as a nation, and we are quite able to appreciate their qualities. Apart from intellectual circles—which are apt to attach too much importance to mere learning—there has been little sympathy between English and Germans. We went to their water-cures—and studiously avoided any truck with the natives—looked at the Raphael "Madonna" at Dresden, and usually neglected Berlin altogether. Bayreuth attracted the musical, and probably Frau Cosima Wagner is the one German who has come much in contact with English

society. Paris, on the other hand, is as familiar to most of us as London. It has, for more than a century, been the one city we never tired of, and much of France—the Riviera, and Touraine, Normandy, Brittany, and Picardy—has been the happy holiday ground of thousands of us. The French and the English, to be sure, although so utterly unlike, always seem to be able to come to an amiable understanding, even after defeat. There was no rancour against the English after Waterloo, for Paris became, after 1815, almost an English city; so many soldiers, diplomats,

fops, ladies of fashion, and what-not took up their abode in the Ville Lumière, entertained, and took boxes for the season at the Opera and the Théâtre Français. Thackeray gives us a brilliant picture of all these Anglo-Parisian amenities in "Vanity Fair." It is unthinkable that, when this war is over, English society should willingly swarm to Berlin, patronise its theatres, entertain its inhabitants, or copy its peculiarly dreadful fashions. French and English, indeed, are something in the position of woman and man—very much in need of each other's qualities and virtues.

### The Village in War Time.

The Sussex village near which I have been making a holiday is, I hope, a model of those all over England. True, it is rather a sophisticated village, dotted with timbered houses whose furniture, pictures, and books proclaim the Person of Taste. But here young and old are doing their bit in the most strenuous fashion, while emotion surges round the village hall—now turned into a hospital—where wounded soldiers may be found in the most enviable circumstances possible. A piano, a large library, and a billiard-room serve to amuse our brave Tommies; while those who are well enough feed the swans which waddle majestically across the road from the pond and take nourishment from the hands of stricken men. The convalescents are invited to fish, bathe, or boat in the Squire's river; and happy is Tommy when on such pleasures bent. The male inhabitants of the timbered houses look after them

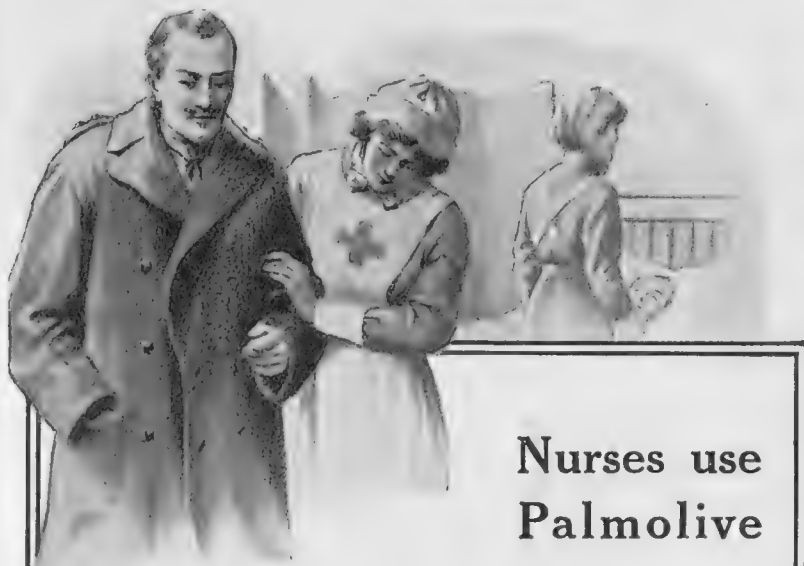
in recreation time; while the ladies nurse, cater, cook, scrub, collect funds, food, and luxuries, and deck the hospital sumptuously with flowers. Moreover, part of a battalion—from Lancashire—is billeted among these soft-mannered Sussex folk, and fine and upstanding they look as they march away from church on Sunday morning with their band playing, reminding us all of the gallant young men, of all degrees, who have left this adorable corner of England to fight for us "somewhere in France."



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And—PALMOLIVE is a pure soap. It contains no free alkali or artificial colouring—its delicate pale green tint is just natural to the vegetable oils of which it is composed.

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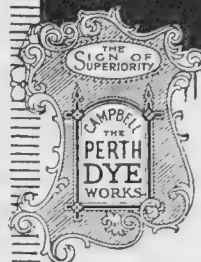
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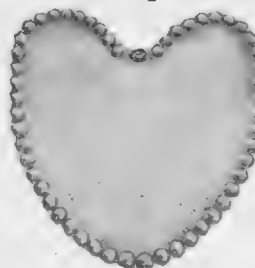
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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Willi and Cilli.

These are said to be the popular abbreviations for Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, Prince Imperial of Germany, and Cécile Augustine Marie, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his wife. If reports are true, Cilli contemplates leaving Willi, and at once, before any idea that she

is doing so because he is undone can be entertained. At present, Germany believes in victory for herself and Allies implicitly; and Cilli's reason for leaving Willi is said to be based upon the antithesis of war, revealed by a snapshot of Willi in compromising circumstances. The pretty, petite, magnetic, smart bride chosen for the Crown Prince by his father and others is far more like in temperament to her Russian mother than her German father. She has the gift of charm, and makes people about her slaves because of it. That she has never been very happy as a wife has been generally known—Willi has a roomy heart as well as covetous eyes—

but for her children and her position she has suffered much. Her mother is the

sister of the Grand Duke Michael (Michaelovitch) of Russia, who has so long lived over here; she renounced her German titles at the commencement of war. Now it is said that the Crown Princess will follow her example, and share Willi's name no longer. Question is, will papa-in-law let her return to Russia? He is more likely, in his present mood, to imprison the poor, pretty little thing. Possibly she was with her mother, or near enough to reach her, when she made her momentous decision, if Dame Rumour is right, and she really has renounced Germany and Willi and all their ways.

## Sunshine.

The long hours of sunshine have had a good effect on the spirits of the nation, and everyone feels better and brighter. We have had much to face in our Whitsuntide recess, both at home and in the war zones; the bright days have helped us to bear it bravely. Once more women are interested in the necessary seasonable change of clothing. I hear from the seaside many complaints of the behaviour of wide skirts, made of thin fabrics, in the breeze. In fact, some smart women have put aside their smartest clothes as unsuitable at the sea. Small hats are far in excess of larger headgear, and hair-dressing continues to be close to the head, if more elaborate than it was when hats were pulled down over heads. They

are not worn so now, but at a perched angle which shows off a smart and saucy coiffure. Veils, I prophesied, would return to their original purpose, and not meander down the back or flap in the breeze; I am being borne out by events. A lady who had a lovely long veil to her hat—a beauty fresh from Paris—at Folkestone last week said it nearly pulled the head off her, which, we must admit, is very ill behaviour in a veil.

## Lucky

That there is not a Lady "K. of K." How wild she would have been! The muddy water which runs off a great man as it does off a duck's back, leaving it immaculate as before, irritates a woman because she hates mud in connection with a hero just because it is mud, and, as such, detestable. Men are mad enough when stupid, venomous things are said about a big man for no better reason than because he is big, but women are what Americans call "madder'n a nest of hornets." "K. of K." is said not to like our sex, but our sex likes and admires him and his strength and capability and quiet dignity, and so we are actually doing now what we were always inclined to do—making quite an idol of our Secretary of State for War.

Not Quite so Sure. Germans and Austrians are not quite so sure of victory complete and final as they were before Italy joined in the World War.

They are, however, still very certain of enough victory to secure for themselves an honourable peace. Such are the views of a lady resident among us who tells one, with a sigh, that she has six brothers fighting against us, but never hears anything of or from them. One wonders, therefore, where her certainty of victory hails from. She is variously said to be an Austrian or a German Pole. Her husband was born in England, and is naturalised, but the Kaiser's English is in his speech much more than the King's. Two days before war broke out, a German Staff Officer was the guest of this couple, whose residence is high on a hill within twenty miles of London. They express great horror of the Kaiser's methods of warfare; but not, I think, publicly in print, where it might meet the eye of the Kaiser's friends and sympathisers. This sort of people may be all right (many believe this particular pair to be so), but one wishes they liked their own country well enough to stay in it; or ours well enough to take its side openly, publicly, and in such a way that we should know that they would have to stay in it whatever betided.

## No Dinners.

This is not so bad as it sounds; it means that there are unlikely to be any full-dress banquets on the King's birthday; also that, as there will be no Derby, King George will not give the Jockey Club dinner at Buckingham Palace on Derby night. That his Majesty will

not be forgotten on his birthday by the greatest to the humblest of his subjects is this year more sure than ever—the King is the country, and together, because of danger, they are in everybody's mind. It will be a less hilarious, but a more real and serious, "health unto his Majesty" that we shall all wish this year of war and tumult, in which our King has proved his value to us, so that for ever he has secured our highest loyalty and deepest respect.



ENGAGED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT G. C. W. WHITE: MISS STOVIN.

Miss Constance Maud Stovin is the only daughter of Captain Lucas G. Stovin, R.N., and Mrs. Stovin, of The Moorings, Ramsgate. Second Lieutenant Gilbert C. W. White is an officer of the 13th (Service) Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, and the son of the Rev. and Mrs. George White, of Cranwell, Lincolnshire.

Photograph by Sarony.



THE FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE OF AN R.A.'S DAUGHTER: MISS LEADER.

Miss Ethel Leader is the eldest of the three daughters of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, of Burrows Cross, Gomshall, Guildford. Her marriage to Mr. Roland J. May, of Norwich, fifth son of the late Mr. F. J. C. May, of Brighton, is to take place this month.

Photographs by Sarony.



WIDOW OF THE LEADER OF THE BALAKLAVA CHARGE AND A VICTORIAN NOTABILITY: THE LATE LADY CARDIGAN.

The Countess of Cardigan, who died on May 27 at the age of ninety, as Miss de Horsey, granddaughter of the first Earl of Stradbroke, married, in 1858, the seventh Earl of Cardigan, who led the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The Earl died from an accident not long after the marriage, and in 1873, the Countess married the Count de Lancastre, a Portuguese nobleman. He died in 1898. In 1909, Lady Cardigan published "My Recollections," a book that startled Society by its frank revelations of the doings of prominent personages of the first half of the Victorian era, and, on its merits as a *chronique scandaleuse*, went into edition after edition.—[Photograph by Russell.]

are not worn so now, but at a perched angle which shows off a smart and saucy coiffure. Veils, I prophesied, would return to their original purpose, and not meander down the back or flap in the breeze; I am being borne out by events. A lady who had a lovely long veil to her hat—a beauty fresh from Paris—at Folkestone last week said it nearly pulled the head off her, which, we must admit, is very ill behaviour in a veil.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. W. J. ALEXANDER: MISS NETTA RAWNSLEY.

Miss Netta Rawnsley is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Rawnsley, of Harrington Hall, Lincolnshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS NETTA RAWNSLEY: LIEUT. W. J. ALEXANDER.

Lieutenant W. J. Alexander, of the 1st Devon Regiment, is the youngest son of the late Mr. J. F. Alexander, 17th Lancers, and Mrs. Ralph Lombe, of Grafton Regis, Northants.—[Photograph by Swaine.]





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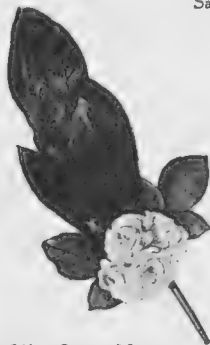


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Trimming of perfectly natural  
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at side with smart bows of  
Sable Satin Ribbon, 13/9



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of vieux rose, silk and vel-  
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Black or Green Laurel  
Leaves, 5/9



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silk roses and dull Metallic foliage, is  
made with one flower perfectly flat at  
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the new Sailor Hat. In Pink and  
other colours, 7/11



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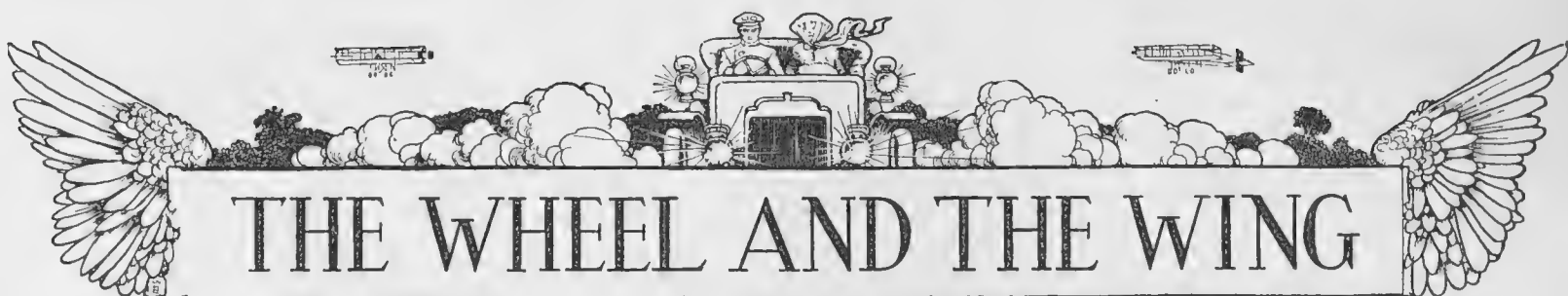
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VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.



### THE INDISPENSABLE SELF-STARTER : ANACHRONISMS OF THE ROAD.

#### The Value of a Self- Starter.

Driving a few days ago between Sunbury and Chertsey, I came up to a watersplash, and naturally supposed that nothing more would be required than a slow crossing in order to avoid a wetting. (What a watersplash could accomplish in that direction if charged at speed I knew to my cost, as I was once a passenger on a Colonial Napier which made the "voyage" under the eyes and camera of a cinematograph operator, and threw up as much bow-wave as possible.) As I drew up to the water's edge, however, I noticed that a big limousine which I had supposed to be going slowly through the water was actually stuck in mid-stream, and this suggested the possible necessity for caution. The depth of the water, however, was duly recorded on an A.A. indicator at the side as eighteen inches only, so that I could only think it probable that the bottom was soft enough to stop a car if not carefully handled. I had a passenger on board of somewhat formidable size, and asked him, therefore, to be good enough to take to the foot-bridge, after which I put in my first speed and entered the water slowly, meanwhile congratulating myself, in case of contingencies, that the car was fitted with a C.A.V. self-starter. I had to cross the deepest part, as the stranded car was already in possession of a more suitable position; but nothing whatever happened, and I sailed across quite gaily to *terra-firma*.

#### An Unpleasant Predicament.

Apparently the driver of the big car had inadvertently stopped his engine through not allowing for the additional resistance of the water; at the same time, the bottom was by no means soft, and the accident ought not to have occurred; but probably the man wished to raise as little splash as possible, and had throttled down too much accordingly. The essential factor of the situation, however, was that his car had no self-starter, and he was therefore *planté là*, as the French say, without any means of getting going again unless he chose to stand knee-deep in the water. Even then, knowing how near to the ground the average starting-handle hangs, his task can hardly have been an easy one. He declined an offer of help, however, and I went on; in any case, I had no rope, and, even if I could have towed so heavy a mass, the effect on my own car would probably have been by no means agreeable. The only moral I can adduce is that the

drivers of cars which are minus self-starters must not err too much on the side of caution in the matter of splashing themselves and their passengers, but must make sure of keeping their engines going all the time. The assumption may be raised, in the case in point, that the magneto had been affected by the water; but I doubt if this hypothesis be correct, as, if the water could have reached the magneto, it would still more readily have put my own out of action, for I was on a smaller car and in deeper water. Magnetos themselves, moreover, are nowadays made waterproof.



PROVING THAT WITH THE STEWART VACUUM SYSTEM A CONSTANT AND EVEN FLOW OF PETROL TO THE CARBURETTER IS ASSURED UNDER ANY CONDITIONS: A 15-20-H.P. OAKLAND WITH ITS ENGINE MUCH TILTED.

The 1915 15-20-h.p. four-cylinder Oakland here shown was fitted with a unique type of elevated front-wheel platform to prove that with the Stewart vacuum system a constant and even flow of petrol to the carburetter is assured, even under the most difficult conditions. The angle at which the engine of the car is tilted is the approximate angle at which gravity overcomes traction, and unless the petrol be pressure-fed, no car can climb so steep a grade. Even with the pressure-fed system a constant supply of petrol to the carburetter cannot be maintained without a considerable amount of hand-pump work. It is claimed, further, that by the use of the Stewart system there is a saving of from ten to fifteen per cent. of petrol, with a remarkable increase in engine efficiency. The car was driven for a considerable distance in the position shown.



ON THE GOLDEN STAIRS: A COLONIAL NAPIER ON A FAMOUS RHODESIAN HILL WHICH HAS AN AVERAGE RISE OF ONE IN FOUR.

The photograph shows an extra strong Colonial Napier in Southern Rhodesia, on the famous hill known as the Golden Stairs, which is many miles from the nearest dwelling-place. The hill in question is over a mile in length, with an average rise of one in four. The steepest rise is one in two and a-half. The country is trackless.

#### A Point for the Road Board.

One cannot but wonder, by the way, why the system of watersplashes should be any longer maintained. They are an absolute anachronism, a survival of the days when all road vehicles had iron-shod wheels. Surely this is a matter which the Road Board might inscribe upon its reforming programme. There is no more reason why a bridge should not be built over a permanent watersplash than over a river, save that in the latter case it is a matter of necessity; but, where convenience is concerned, the road-using public has as much right to expect the money to be provided for the one purpose as for the other. For every gallon of petrol that we motorists use we pay threepence in direct taxation for the benefit of the roads, and if every watersplash in the country were bridged over forthwith the cost would be quite inappreciable compared to the total sum which we annually contribute, not by the petrol tax alone, but by means also of heavy annual taxes on our cars.

#### Another Anachronism.

And, while speaking of anachronisms, one may further ask how much longer the old-time method is to be continued of repairing roads by the crude expedient of throwing down loose stones. On the very journey in question, when I encountered the watersplash, I had to drive over numerous patches of loose metal, callously left to be rolled in by passing vehicles. It may be doubted if there is anything in our administrative methods which is so absolutely out of date as this. Nine-tenths of road traffic nowadays is rubber-shod, and the amount of damage that is caused annually to pneumatic tyres by loose stones deliberately thrown down is almost incalculable.





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Start your cure to-day. In most cases a small bottle is sufficient for a thorough and lasting cure. Antexema is obtainable in every part of the globe.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 1/1½ and 2/6 per bottle, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/6 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.



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Let your child wear the Claxton Ear Cap in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will be corrected. The Claxton Ear Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are pliable. Made in rose pink in 21 sizes. Send measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ear. Price 4/6, from Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, John Barker, Ltd., John Barnes & Co., Ltd., D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., E. & R. Garrould, Jones Bros. (Holloway), Ltd., Spiers & Pond's, Woolland Bros. or direct from S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

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*Of all Chemists, Hairdressers,  
Perfumers and Stores.*



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"On Desert Altars."**

BY NORMA LORIMER.  
(Stanley Paul.)

An extreme premise and a dangerous precedent will be the judgment on Miss Lorimer's special pleading. For it amounts to this: that a girl giving herself to her lover without a legal bond is not degraded if she does it for joy of love; and a woman, a wife, who gives herself with loathing to a lover that she may financially save the situation for husband and child is still not degraded, though she bear a son to that lover in her husband's house. An idyllic story dragged in from the *déclassé* quarter of Tokio does not really concern the conclusions of modern Christian society about chastity. And if this seem heavy treatment of a butterfly, let it be taken as tribute to the charm of Miss Lorimer's fancy. It flies alluringly and alights tenderly; its innocence of intention may render it the more misleading. Follow it one must to the last page of the last chapter; anything meretricious about the Jew lover, or too remarkably fortuitous in narrative, is amply made up by Alice's warm, radiant humanity. Once and again a very philosophic sense of life lies embedded in the story, as the reflection that a married couple enjoying perfect comprehension of each other are in danger of matrimonial *ennui*—mental as well as physical. It is when stern, logical conclusions are called for that these attractive flutterings of thought fail of purpose. The conventional laws of chastity as created by modern European custom are hard on women, but not for that must the laws be challenged. They are the best yet discovered to meet a hard situation—woman's situation in the universe and her job there. To be "agin" nature is a different affair from being "agin" the Government, nature not favouring democracy. This truism need not rule out the beauty, the beautiful danger of exceptions, but they should be labelled "With Care," "Dangerous." The clever earnestness of a story that reads well from beginning to end must excuse a heavy pen drawn as emphasis to its conclusions.

**"The Sword of Youth."**

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.  
(Macmillan.)

It is misleading to speak of this delicately constructed work as a story of war: the dedication achieves the right shade in giving it as "a remembrance of the soldier-youth of the American Civil War—to the soldier-youth of England in this war of theirs." It is a story, told with a simple eloquence that never falters once, as much of the domestic side as of the battlefield of that great war. The background of ruined Kentucky farm for the gaunt figure of its mistress, deserted of slaves—all but one—is a piece of portraiture concise and poignant like a Sargent. The big-framed, soldierly woman's weakness was

that of a mind too strong, for she was unable to look at little things in a little way. "She would have followed the harmless brooks of her farm until they reached the ocean and lashed tides and took part in shipwrecks. Then, with her mind on the shipwrecks, she would have forgotten the brooks." But this is the work of a poet rather than a story-teller; any casual glance creates a longing to quote, and, after all, the quotation calls aloud for its setting, its complete life. The feeling grows intense when the last son of this mother of six, fallen in the cause, looks into his mother's eyes, and, reading himself there contemptuous and puny, a great vital thing in his life comes to an end. "For the image of ourselves that we see in the heart of another is what our love lives by or dies of." He there emptied his life of what had hitherto filled and ruled it, and yet, when she recalled him, he deserted to reach her in time. How nobly he deserted and as nobly rejoined is the dramatic interest of a book that touches nothing without leaving it significant. When the soldier-youth of England read of the soldier-youth of America that "they had within themselves what could not be captured or conquered—their bravery, their endurance, their loyalty, their soldierly honour," and from those elements they drew "laughter and light hearts," they will recognise brothers as they read. And the women, reading that never are they so beautiful as in the generation of a long, heroic war, beautiful with their thoughts of their fighting men, beautiful with the welcome home to their saviours and lovers from battle-places where blood ran red, and beautiful also in the pride which death gives alone to the bereaved in battle, the women will be glad that great things are asked of them too—perhaps the greatest. Or man or woman there cannot fail to be appreciation of this finely tempered Sword of Youth.

**"The Keeper of the Door."**

BY ETHEL M. DELL.  
(Fisher Unwin.)

The heredity of homicidal mania, and the justification of opening the door of death to the hopelessly diseased or the hopelessly mad, are themes which should make the most incorrigible novel-reader sit up. Miss Dell's reader will certainly sit up several times. A vitality and a fertility of invention carry her through a great deal that is extravagant, and ought to be incredible. Of course, she does not do more than assert another case of insanity inherited direct in its peculiar form from a parent; and state two cases, one of cancer, one of madness, where the obviously kind thing was to end it—so theoretically the book closes on as you were; but anyone who feels the need of a novel with plenty of incident, a triumphant lover of Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester type, and a meeting with a hero already popular from a former book, they will get it in full measure with "The Keeper of the Door."

## A SUCCESSFUL RUBBER COMPANY.

PRESIDING at the meeting of the Batavia Plantation Investments, Ltd., Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray asked the shareholders to confirm a dividend which would make 15 per cent. for the year, the third year in succession since the foundation of the Company that they had been able to make a distribution at that rate. With the dividend they were proposing, the shareholders would have obtained a return of over £3 for every £1 of cash capital put into the Company. As against a prospectus anticipation, that the return in the years 1912 to 1914 from their Dutch Indies investments would be £82,000, the receipts had exceeded £102,000, while, in addition, those three undertakings had been able to devote surplus profits to the extent of nearly £28,000 to extending their estates. Their income from those investments for the past year had been £6700 more than in the previous year, and in addition, the Medansche Company had been able to extend its Sumatra estate by the purchase of 138 acres of rubber out of the current year's revenue, while increasing its dividend distribution from 70 per cent. to 100 per cent. As against an estimate of 430,000 lb. of rubber, the actual result had been 560,000 lb. of rubber, on the three estates. No new area had been brought into tapping on the Kweek-lust estate, and the trees, with an average of over nine years, had yielded 5½ lb. per tree. Both that estate and Weltevreden, their other Java estate, were situated in West Java, where the yearly rainfall was roughly 50 inches to 70 inches more than in the East. He thought it was to the fact that their estates were on the western side of the island that some, at any rate, of their success, could be attributed. The estimated rubber crops from the three undertakings for the current year were 596,000 lb., and in the first three months 107,000 lb. were produced, against 98,000 in the corresponding period of last year. With regard to their holdings in some thirty other companies, they were increasing in value, and it was hoped would this year yield a considerably larger income than in 1914. The realisation of the year's estimates would give over 3 lb. of rubber for every sovereign of the Company's capital, which, if the net profit were only 1s. in the lb., would realise their 15 per cent. dividend. Mr. H. E. Savory seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted, and a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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### "EYE-WITNESS" IN BOOK FORM.

WE are all familiar with the "descriptive accounts written by an eye-witness present with General Headquarters," which tell us from time to time all that authority deems it meet for us to know as to the doings of our troops in France and Flanders. As most people are now aware, the eye-witness in question is Colonel Swinton. He has now gathered together within the pages of a book the first six months' accumulation of his articles, under the title of "Eye-Witness's Narrative of the War" (Edward Arnold), published at 1s. net in paper covers, and 2s. net. in cloth. The volume carries the valiant story from the Battle of the Marne down to that of Neuve Chapelle. "The narratives," it is stated in a prefatory note, "are printed as communicated by the Press Bureau. It is believed that passages of considerable interest have occasionally been omitted in the newspaper reproductions, and that they are now issued in a complete and collected form for the first time." There will doubtless come a day when Colonel Swinton will be able to enlarge still more upon the scenes his semi-official eye has witnessed, and whatever he writes will provide good material for the

future history of these eventful times. Meanwhile this collection of his excellent reports is very welcome, and enables us to refresh our memories by a general survey of the British campaign in the most trustworthy, connected account at present available.

### A SOUVENIR LUNCHEON: A NOVEL GATHERING AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

ON Tuesday, June 29, the Savoy Hotel is to be the scene of a great Souvenir Luncheon, which will have so many original features and so many attractions that no one will begrudge paying the guinea which the ticket will cost, especially when they know that it is to help so deserving and praiseworthy an industry as the "Three Arts Employment Fund," which has in a few months turned out two toys that it is the ambition of every child to possess. The directors have placed the whole hotel at the disposal of the Executive Committee, on which are Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir George Frampton, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, and others.



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